The Nation.

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MAY 8

EDITORIAL

WHY ARE WE IN PERU?

There is a line connecting the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, which was launched exactly twenty years ago, and the military intervention in Peru, which is now under way. Both operations could be called sideshows, in William Shawcross's term; the first because it seemed only a diversion from the war in Vietnam, and the second because it appears so distant from the geopolitical diplomacy of cold war détente. But in both cases the reality is at odds with appearances.

The Cambodian "incursion" was meant to extend American military power throughout Indochina. The buildup in Peru is designed to project an American presence—with Green Berets, weapons and training facilities—into the Andean valleys and forests. The rationale for Cambodia was to "interdict" Vietnamese troops on the Ho Chi Minh trail, as the justification for Peru is the interruption of the coca trade and the suppression of the Shining Path guerrillas who are thought to abet it. But the imperatives of intervention surmount all rationales, and ultimately it is the raw projection of power rather than its rhetorical objectives that must rule. The means become the end.

Nixon's intervention failed on all fronts. Americans who had been protesting the Vietnam War swarmed into the streets and campuses, and when Ohio National Guardsmen killed four students at Kent State on May 4, a near national student insurgency erupted. In Cambodia, the U.S. invasion transformed the Khmer Rouge into an authentic nationalist army, with bloody results.

But where is the opposition to the operation in Peru? Congress is silent, there are no demonstrations and for now it must be left to the Peruvians to expel the Yankee invaders. And who doubts that this is only the beginning of another disaster in the history of criminal intervention?

THE WAR ON DRUG REHAB
David Corn

BLACK HOPE IN NORTH CAROLINA
Barry Yeoman

PEDIATRIC AIDS
David L. Kirp

REWRITING INNER CITIES
Micaela diLeonardo

DISCOVERY/ 'THE NATION' POETS

ALICE MUNRO
Kate Walbert

DOMINICAN SUGARCANE

A BITTER HARVEST FOR HAITIANS

AMY WILENTZ

Ti Paille was lying on a cot in the corner of his room. No one was paying attention. "He'll be dead soon," a girl said as she passed by Ti Paille's open door, gesturing toward him with her shoulder. Two tears leaked from the old man's eyes down his cheeks. Flies were gathering on his eyelids and at the corners of his lips. He hadn't eaten in more than a week, and no one had brought him anything to drink. He was bone skinny and looked about 70 or 80 years old, though someone said they thought he was somewhere in his 60s. Ti Paille had no wife, no children. There was no one to take care of him. He was just a cane cutter. He'd been cutting cane at Batey Porvenir on the state-run Consuelo plantation in the Dominican Republic for about twenty years, ever since he left Haiti. When he got sick a few months ago, Consuelo's overseers sent him to the local hospital, but Ti Paille didn't have enough money to pay for medication, so the hospital sent him back to Porvenir.

The girl was right. Ti Paille died that day.

Every year, the sugar harvest in the Dominican Republic requires the labor of at least 20,000 migrant workers, and some say the figure is closer to 40,000. It's a backbreaking job that lays low many men younger than Ti Paille. Cutting cane is understandably not a job Dominicans like to do. Cane cutters work all day in the tropical sun, and the work stretches a man out as if on a rack. First, you have to reach up high with your machete to trim the cane reeds of their foliage, and then you have to bend over completely to cut the

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LETTERS.

SUBS RUB PUB

New York City

While it is well known that accuracy has never been *The Nation*'s strong suit, even minimal research would have established the falsehood in Alexander Cockburn's claim in "Beat the Devil" [March 12] that "Peter Kalikow . . . along with his brother has an intimate relationship to New York's housing crisis."

I have no brothers. Apparently, *The Nation* and Cockburn believe that Richard Kalikow is my brother. He is not. He is a cousin, but we have no business relationship whatsoever. In other words, Cockburn's researchers have failed him.

As for Cockburn's suggestion that I've endeavored to identify "illegal sublets" in the apartment complex I own on 79th Street, he's hit the nail on the head—"illegal." He and *The Nation* may favor illegal sublets along with all sorts of illegal activity. I do not. And I have no interest in tolerating illegal sublets in dwellings I own.

Cockburn charges that I am "postering doors with fearsome notices." I post only notices required by law: warnings concerning fire hazards, for example. Are these notices "fearsome"? Perhaps. So are fires.

The Cockburn column, which I don't regularly read but which was for obvious reasons called to my attention, contains many other inaccuracies. But they don't involve me, and it isn't my place to correct them. Still, it's hard to imagine that *The Nation*, even while pursuing its ideological agenda, can't do a bit better in terms of accuracy. *Peter S. Kalikow*

COCKBURN REPLIES

New York City

Housing activists we spoke with on the Lower East Side, noting Peter and Richard Kalikow's twin misdeeds as landlords, assumed they were brothers. We should have checked the relationship. In this alone Kalikow is on firm ground in his letter. I never said he and Richard had a business relationship, and I note with interest that by alluding to "many other inaccuracies" that "don't involve me" Kalikow thereby concedes without demur many of my charges against him, including his efforts to drive tenants out of their apartments with the use of bribes and snoops. The proprietor of the *New York Post* seems to regard it as a matter of pride that he is trying to overturn the Sound Housing Act.

Now for the two points of substance that Kalikow makes in his letter. First, the "illegal sublets." Most of the sublets in Kalikow's vast City and Suburban complex (1,330 apartments between York Avenue and the river on the Upper East Side of Manhattan) that have been designated "illegal" acquired this status because of the self-interested maneuvers of Landlord Kalikow. One of his tenants, Julia Kaminski, and David Rozenholc, lawyer for the City and Suburban Tenants Association, described to my colleague Peter Rothberg how Kalikow systematically flouts the tenants' right under the rent stabilization law to sublet their apartments, and rejects applications made according to the appropriate legal procedure. A landlord is obliged to honor such legitimate applications, but this is precisely what Kalikow has failed to do, well aware, according to Rozenholc, that legal action against him is a costly undertaking likely to be beyond the means of his tenants.

Although in theory Kalikow cannot "unreasonably withhold consent" to a sublet, as a matter of practical economic reality it is impossible for a tenant to hold him to this legal requirement. He has assiduously created the "illegal" situation as a pretext to empty valuable apartments. In sum, any such illegality on the part of the tenant is born of Kalikow's illegal practices as a landlord.

Accompanying this form of harassment has been Landlord Kalikow's neglect of services and repairs, resulting in what tenants describe as rotten cleaning and bad lighting. Kaminski has seen mice in her apartment for the first time in twenty years and says that her neighbors are also complaining about the incursion of vermin, including rats, which flourish in the poorly maintained complex in which Kalikow is sedulously warehousing empty apartments. Kaminski says that the filth is bad enough that some tenants have won rent reductions.

Along with these ugly stratagems to wear down his tenants to the point where they find life in the complex unendurable, the *Post*'s owner has hired "persuaders" to try to convince tenants to move out of the complex, offering sums of cash and, according to Rozenholc, often misrepresenting the situation to people who are in many cases elderly and without knowledge of all their rights or of applicable housing regulations.

Kalikow's sense of what might constitute a "fearsome notice" has no doubt been dulled by daily contemplation of the front-page headlines of the *New York Post*, but Kaminski reiterates that when an "illegal sublet" is identified in the complex Kalikow's agents plaster the door with multiple notices, displaying a harassing intent far beyond the letter and spirit of the law.

Kalikow's current attempts to drive tenants out of their rent-regulated apartments in City and Suburban are a modified version of his plans, upon buying the complex in 1985, to evict all the tenants, one-third of whom were over 65 and many of whom were living on Social Security and small pensions. In the face of tenant protests he backed down from this Cambodian solution, and now seeks merely to knock down the four buildings nearest the river and replace them with a luxury tower. Since 1987 he has been offering $12,000 to any tenant prepared to move out and has warehoused about 700 apartments. His humane posture toward the inhabitants of City and Suburban is well evoked by his breezy remark that evicted oldsters "could move to Queens or one of the outer boroughs" and that "there is no reason I should subsidize the tenants."

On April 24 Kalikow was upended by the city, which extended landmark status to the City and Suburban complex, model tenements built between 1901 and 1913 and having the distinction, until the 1930s, of being the largest low-income housing development in America. Kalikow is appealing this designation, calling it "a blatant abuse of the landmark law in an effort to prevent development."

A good counterpoint to the rapacious philosophy of this newspaper proprietor was offered on March 14, 1985, at a public housing meeting by Bernard Stein, a tenant in City and Suburban:

"[City and Suburban] was recently bought by the Kalikow Real Estate Organization, who probably hope to demolish this sound and affordable housing in order to build more luxury high-rise apartments for the rich. Well, there is nothing wrong in our society, we are told, in wanting to make a profit. But there is something wrong in our society if in order to make that profit you demolish and destroy a community of sound, affordable housing and human lives to do it. Where is it written that only the rich shall inherit and live on the Upper East Side? . . .

"My father grew up in a small village in Russia called a *shtetl*—a small community where people, young and old and in between, lived and worked and dreamed in hopes of a better life. But the Cossacks came and destroyed his village, his *shtetl*. So, he came to America, met and married my mother on the Lower East Side, where I was born and grew up. It was rough but we somehow survived like a lot of others did. But I remember something an old friend of ours once said. She said in Russia they called the destroyers Cossacks—here they call the destroyers the landlords." *Alexander Cockburn*

CORRECTIONS

Pagan Kennedy's March 19 essay, "P.C. Comics," should have listed the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors as the creator of *Real War Stories* and not as its publisher, which is Eclipse Comics of Forestville, California.

The epigraph to Mumia Abu-Jamal's piece on April 23 ("B-Block Days and Nightmares") should have been attributed to Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation.*

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EDITORIALS.

This Way Out

Given all that has gone before, it's easy to feel optimistic about El Salvador. U.N.-mediated peace talks are set to begin and pressure is growing for a new bipartisan policy that would curtail or condition U.S. military aid to the Salvadoran government. There is a widespread sense that the investigation of last November's murder of six Jesuit priests, their cook and her daughter will present U.S. policy with a Catch-22: Either the killers are convicted, which would risk tearing apart the Salvadoran Army, or they go free, in which case Congressional Democrats would call a halt to ten years of retrograde policies and $4.5 billion of wasted money.

Col. Guillermo Alfredo Benavides is the highest ranking of the nine military men indicted for the murders. He has spent the weeks since his arrest on full pay in a luxury apartment in a police barracks and at an army-owned beach resort; since Salvadoran law does not allow his co-defendants to testify against him, there is little chance that he will be convicted. Vital leads in the case have been left unexplored, especially those that implicate higher-ranking officers.

There is powerful circumstantial evidence of a broader conspiracy by senior members of the armed forces: the open threats to the Jesuits last year by Deputy Defense Minister Juan Orlando Zepeda, not questioned by investigators because "he is not a suspect"; the visits to Benavides in

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his gilded captivity by fellow members of the Military Academy's 1966 graduating class, the *tandona*, eager to help plan his defense strategy; the strict command structure that makes it unlikely a mere colonel would order such an operation; the applause and cheers that erupted when the news of the Jesuits' deaths was broken at an army intelligence section meeting (customarily attended by C.I.A. officers).

Some of these points were touched on in an April 22 segment of *60 Minutes*, but there was much more the program didn't show. For example, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, which has worked extensively on the case, has learned that between November 11 and 13 a group of Special Forces advisers from Fort Bragg may have been training the very unit of the Atlacatl Battalion that killed the Jesuits. This was not one of those sessions devoted to bromides about human rights and democracy. It was a class in what the U.S. Military Group in San Salvador calls "dismounted Infantry Patrol Techniques, Weapons Training, and day and night practical exercises of these subjects." On the night of November 13, having been urgently recalled to combat duty on the streets of San Salvador, the Atlacatl patrol ransacked the campus of the Jesuit-run Central American University; in the early hours of the 16th, they came back for what might be termed a "night practical exercise," blowing the Jesuits' brains out.

From the *60 Minutes* segment, a single image lingers: Ed Bradley arrives to interview Chief of Staff René Emilio Ponce, another *tandona* member, and learns that Ponce has been primed for the interview by U.S. Ambassador William Walker, who has sent the general a tape of his own conversation with Bradley. The United States is hostage to the *tandona*, for the *tandona* runs the war, and the war is the bottom line of U.S. policy. And the *tandona*, whose web of patronage and caste loyalty has grown tighter with each dollar of military aid, will not sacrifice one of its own.

There is, arguably, some small comfort to be drawn from the fact that many in Congress finally recognize that (a) the Salvadoran military is a diseased body, and (b) cutting U.S. aid is the only way to affect its conduct. Senators John Kerry and Edward Kennedy, admirably, propose cutting off all aid. Senator Christopher Dodd, more modestly, suggests making 50 percent of military aid conditional on progress in peace talks and a verdict in the Jesuit case.

When one thinks about aid cutoffs that might end the Salvadoran nightmare, it's tempting to lapse into the cadences of the Op-Ed page and the Congressional briefing, to talk soothingly of "good faith efforts" and "challenges not fully met." But if we use muffled language, we can forget what it is we're talking about. Thinking about El Salvador means hearing words from a different register. In an extraordinary essay in the Jesuit magazine *America*, called "The Aesthetics of Terror, the Hermeneutics of Death," Jesuit priest Daniel Santiago describes what Tonita, a peasant from San Vicente, found when she returned home one day after taking lunch to her husband and two sons as they cut firewood. The National Guard had visited.

> Seated around a small table in the middle of her house were her mother, sister and three children [aged 5, 3 and 18 months]. The decapitated heads of all five had been placed in front of each torso, their hands arranged on top, as if each body was stroking its own head. This had proven difficult in the case of the youngest daughter. The difficulty had been overcome by nailing the hands onto the head. The hammer had been left on the table.

The debate over El Salvador has reached a watershed largely because of the murder of the Jesuits, a single egregious instance of the inhumanity of the men of the *tandona*. Millions of other Salvadorans confront the possibility of an obscene death every day. As far as aid goes, when you're in bed with Nazis, there's only one thing to do: Climb out.

NASA Nonsense

The mission may be new, but the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is up to its old deadly tricks. In October 1989 NASA launched the Galileo mission to Jupiter, carrying 49.25 pounds of plutonium, the most toxic substance known. This coming October NASA, joined by the European Space Agency, will launch the Ulysses mission to orbit the sun, using 23.7 pounds of plutonium. As it was with Galileo, so it is with Ulysses: NASA contradicts its own studies and misleads Congress by claiming there is no alternative to plutonium and that chances of an accidental release of plutonium are slight. Again, opposition grows; this time it's international.

The Ulysses probe, to be launched like Galileo by a Challenger-type shuttle, will pass around Jupiter and head for the sun where, using the momentum from the Jupiter flyby, it will break out of the ecliptic plane traveled by the planets (a space probe first) and revolve in a north-south orbit of the sun. An ideal mission for solar power, one might think. Not so says NASA, again.

Last October NASA said the Galileo mission to Jupiter could not use solar power because it would travel too far from the sun, a claim refuted by its own studies, which revealed that energy from the sun can be harvested despite the sun's distance from Jupiter [see Grossman and Long, "Plutonium Con," November 20, 1989].

Now NASA claims that the upcoming Ulysses probe cannot use solar energy because it will fly too *near* the sun. In a letter to Senator Harry Reid, NASA's Lynn Heninger said plutonium must power the Ulysses probe "because it will be operating too close to the Sun for solar panels to function properly." However, NASA states in the description of the Ulysses flight path in the Federal Register, the official listing of government projects, "During the 5-year duration of the mission, the spacecraft will never be closer to the Sun than is the Earth." Much of its orbit, in fact, will average the orbit of Mars, excellent placement for gathering solar power. And the energy the mission requires is modest—only 284 watts for the craft's instruments, about the amount of electricity needed to power a hand-held mixer or small food processor.

NASA also has trouble keeping its stories straight on the matter of the probability of launch accidents and plutonium contamination. Launch accident chances have varied in

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NASA documents from 1 in 100,000 before the Challenger disaster to 1 in 78 after Challenger. The probability of a plutonium release in a Galileo launch accident was figured at 8.3 in 100. A recently released environmental impact statement for the Ulysses mission gives a variety of accident odds, from 1.8 in 100,000 for a "fire/explosion" at launch to 1.5 in 100,000 for the shuttle falling back to Earth from orbit. The statement holds that the probability of release of plutonium on the mission is "about 1 in 4,200." It acknowledges, "In the unlikely event the modules impact on hard rock, a release is predicted to occur."

If a release of plutonium does occur, NASA outlines its decontamination methods for central Florida or any site in the "global commons": "Removal and disposal of all vegetation, removal and disposal of topsoil, relocation of animals . . . Demolition of some or all structures, permanent relocation of affected population . . . Destruction of citrus and other perennial growing stocks, banning of future agricultural land uses." A lot of trouble for 284 watts.

Groups that see solar-powered space missions as the best alternative to those scenarios have filed a lawsuit to block the Ulysses launch and to abort the Galileo mission before its plutonium probe makes two flybys of the Earth, the first this December, passing 625 miles above Earth, and the second, in December 1992, 185 miles overhead.

A significant new challenge to the Ulysses mission comes from Europe, still reeling from Chernobyl, where West German Greens oppose the mission. The European Space Agency will provide the space probe and NASA will provide the plutonium power system and launch vehicle. Until now the E.S.A. has used only solar cells on its missions. Understandably, plutonium worries the Greens. "It's very simple," said Inge Lindemann, chair of their antinuclear forum. "We don't want to see nuclear-powered space flights because of the danger of radioactive contamination."

Try telling that to NASA.

KARL GROSSMAN AND JUDITH LONG

Karl Grossman, a journalism professor at the State University of New York, Old Westbury, is the author of books on nuclear technology.

Tolstoyan Tide

What is occurring in Europe has a primally natural atmosphere, a Tolstoyan sweep and optimism: that masses and masses of people do make a difference, can throw off a tyranny, and that what they decide they want is not berserk or perverse but salutary.

In the epilogue to *War and Peace*, Tolstoy argued with the conventional historians who took a man-on-horseback view of great events as being mere statecraft performed by power brokers of the stripe lately represented by Henry Kissinger. "The movement of nations is caused not by power, nor by intellectual activity, nor even by a combination of the two, as historians have supposed, but by the activity of *all* the people who participate in the event," he wrote. It was an avowal of the purest democracy, in which power really does rest with the people and oddly honest, tenacious, modest figures like Walesa and Havel are tossed up atop the avalanche to ride for a while, whereas the ordinary, professionally duplicitous, brutal-minded practitioners of diplomacy would be a tail trying to wag the dog.

Tolstoy's idealism has been dismissed by most readers as naïveté—though even Kissinger might wish to subscribe to it with regard to the destruction of Cambodia, rather than assume the onus for that holocaust himself. But now at a moment when in nation after nation whole populations have simply risen up to topple officialdom and institute tumultuous reform, no one should be quick to call Tolstoy naïve. Presidents and Cabinet officers in the West stumble in speechless astonishment in the wake of spontaneous upheavals that have eclipsed decades of military posturing and intelligence work and the grandiose stasis of negotiations. George Bush is only expressing a general nostalgia within his bureaucracy for the good old days when he visits a Strategic Air Command center, watches war games, invades Panama and treats with the unregenerate Chinese, while seeming to minimize the chances for an intense discussion with Mikhail Gorbachev at Malta. After all, it had been at a similar summit conference with Ronald Reagan at Reykjavik that Gorbachev proposed that Reagan and he, shunting aside the specialists, take it upon themselves to begin abolishing nuclear weapons.

In the fall of 1988 a friend newly immigrated from Russia and thus ineligible to vote, but exhilarated to be witnessing his first free election, kept asking me if it wasn't ominous that the front-runner, George Bush, was a former chief of the C.I.A. Don't be silly, I said; here it doesn't matter. But his instincts were better. Tolstoy might have warned Gorbachev in dealing with Bush and Reagan that the body politic of their two countries—acting of itself unexpectedly and all of a sudden rising to demand disarmament—might be needed.

The Russian General Kutuzov in *War and Peace*, who saves his countrymen from Napoleon by brilliant inaction, is one of my favorite characters in literature and reminds me of Gorbachev. Kutuzov repeatedly postpones battles, procrastinates, retreats and regroups. Pricked and harangued by hawks and hard-liners—Will you not oppose this? Will you not oppose *this*?—he declines the gambit till it finally matters. Gorbachev of course is not opposing Napoleon, but with somewhat analogous stratagems has been declining to send troops against the fragmenting satellite bloc, refusing to crush internal political dissent, trying to keep his footing atop a force of nature, as though balancing on a vast snowslide—a Tolstoyan epic hero welcoming change, or at least prepared to let nature take its course.

Many observers had predicted we might experience a spiritless or "decadent" *fin de siècle*, as at the end of the last century. But instead, if this rare interval in history is extended, we may see downright effervescence. EDWARD HOAGLAND

Edward Hoagland, an essayist and novelist, is author most recently of Heart's Desire *(Summit).*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

> A healthy nation is as unconscious of its nationality as a healthy man of his bones. But if you break a nation's nationality it will think of nothing else but getting it set again. It will listen to no reformer, to no philosopher, to no preacher, until the demand of the Nationalist is granted. It will attend to no business, however vital, except the business of unification and liberation.

That was George Bernard Shaw, in the "Preface for Politicians" to his 1904 play *John Bull's Other Island*. The play was written at the urging of W.B. Yeats, and both it and the preface were ardently for Irish home rule and scornful of those who sought to delay it. The lines cited above can be found in hundreds of dusty pamphlets written over the years by Bengali, Polish, Basque, Ukrainian, Cypriot and other nationalists. Less often quoted are some antecedent lines, in which Shaw, employing a different medical metaphor this time, says:

> A conquered nation is like a man with cancer: he can think of nothing else, and is forced to place himself, to the exclusion of all better company, in the hands of quacks who profess to treat or cure cancer.

The G.B.S. dualism came back to me the other night when I saw a Lithuanian deputy, a Landsbergis supporter, being interviewed from Vilnius on *Nightline*. "Our only crime," he bleated, "is that our skin is white." If Lithuanians were, as he put it, "brown or black or red or yellow," the whole of the Free World would by now have sprung to their aid. He said all this by way of interrupting a Russian guest who was trying to explain that a referendum on independence was a condition for secession from the Soviet Union. I found myself thinking, or at any rate feeling, that there was something doltish and solipsistic about the Lithuanian presentation. Here we are with a sporting chance of ending both the cold war and the arms race, and with a General Secretary cum President in Moscow whose political survival is imperative, and a rabble of Balts choose this time to make a run for it. Moreover, they do so while wearing expressions of the most doleful self-pity and unshakable self-importance. What are their petty concerns when set against the grand possibility of a new international order?

The difficulty with this reaction, which I suspect is widely shared, is that it echoes the *raison d'état* of George Bush and Dan Quayle. Bush doesn't conceal his opinion that the Lithuanians should and could be more circumspect, and Quayle actually said that he thought the Red Army had little alternative but to reclaim deserting Lithuanians. All the chief Western statesmen and women seem to concur, and if Walesa or Havel think differently they have not said so in any audible way. They of course have to consider not just the survival of Gorbachev but the status of the Polish minority in Lithuania and the revival of nationalism in Slovakia, to say nothing of the prospect of a giant renewal of irredentism among the Ukrainians.

In the recent past, when Eastern European democrats were still confined to the pages of small magazines, Adam Michnik wrote about the next phase that would succeed petrified Brezhnevism. He warned that Poles and Ukrainians, each of whom have at times coveted each other's territory, would have to start thinking about coexistence. The point would hold for Hungarians and Romanians, Moldavians and Russians, Germans and Poles and for anyone else inheriting post-Versailles and post-Trianon problems such as (watch for this one) the Carpatho-Ruthenians. The force that threatens the transformation of East-Central Europe and the Soviet Union is "me first" nationalism and the demagoguery that goes with it.

Easy for me to say. I was born in the heart of John Bull's empire and now live at the hub of another. Not for me the pains of an infinitely postponed national vindication. For the Lithuanian, my first Shavian excerpt holds true both morally and politically. Not only was the country forcibly incorporated by a secret deal between Hitler and Stalin, so that its original membership in the "Soviet family" is illegitimate, but for all the Lithuanian knows, the window of escape may not remain open for very long. Gorbachev's new rules on secession protract the process of gaining independence by as many as five years. Suppose even that you felt like waiting five years; who is to say that the central government will not have changed itself or changed its mind by then? It is the feeling that escape must be achieved now that makes the Lithuanians look so hasty and selfish, and so inconsiderate of the requirements of the great powers.

"England's difficulty," ran the old Sinn Fein slogan, "is Ireland's opportunity." But if the Lithuanians seek to take advantage of Gorbachev's difficulties they also threaten to intensify them, and thus to undo a Soviet leader who has actually been a friend of self-determination. Additionally, they threaten to ignite a war of all against all in which every petty nationalism would decide that its own claims take precedence. Gorbachev has never said that he is against independence for the republics; only that he is against unilateralism.

What I think Shaw meant about nationalism, even in a case where he passionately supported it, was that it ran the permanent risk of making the best the enemy of the good. Small nations have the right to insist on their freedom from imperial control, and intellectuals should not be trying to think up excuses for the big battalions. But nationalism is always finally unsatisfying because it elevates the claims of a single group over all others, and makes a virtue of doing so.

This becomes acute where more than one national interest is involved on the same territory, as it almost invariably is. I can think of only one example of an oppressed and dispossessed national group that has modified its program to take into account the rights of others, and in doing so has surrendered a part of its own claims. The acceptance of partition by the Palestine National Council in 1988, which involved the recognition by the Palestinians that they could not retrieve all of what they had lost to history, showed seriousness and maturity and a nonsectarian spirit. How nice it would be to point to the rewards and concessions that this earned for the (nonwhite) Palestinians from the statesmanlike and magnanimous powers that be.

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ARTICLES.

THROWING AWAY THE KEY

Justice's War on Drug Treatment

DAVID CORN

Dick Thornburgh should meet Charles Cash, and he should do so at the latter's office in the Arthur Kill Correctional Facility for men on Staten Island. Cash, a former heroin addict and an ex-convict who is now a counselor in one of the country's most successful prison drug rehabilitation programs, is eager to pose a question to the Attorney General: Why has the Justice Department slashed out of its Bureau of Justice Assistance (B.J.A.) all funding for drug treatment in jails?

Given that the official price tag of the federal government's War on Drugs is $9.5 billion for the current fiscal year, Thornburgh's move to excise a few million dollars for jailhouse drug rehab may seem incidental. But it is a forceful statement of his department's monolithic "just deserts" approach to crime fighting: tough law enforcement and more prisons. To Cash, who well understands the criminal justice system and the despair of addiction, the decision to cut the funds is a perplexing and counterproductive action, one that leads him to question just how serious Washington is about drugs and crime.

The B.J.A., which functions like a foundation within the Justice Department, is supposed to encourage improvements in the criminal justice system by awarding grants to state and local governments. Eighty percent of its money flows to the states in the form of block grants, which can be used more or less as the states wish in such areas as law enforcement, victim assistance, drug testing, domestic violence programs and prison management. The rest of the funds are distributed as discretionary grants to specific programs the B.J.A. wants to promote. From 1987 through 1989, the B.J.A. dispensed almost $10 million in such awards to drug rehabilitation programs for convicts—a modest amount considering most states do not provide adequate treatment and, according to state governments, 60 to 85 percent of the people under correctional supervision require drug treatment services.

Much of the B.J.A. money for drug rehab supported experimental programs in several states, many modeled on Stay'n Out, the state-funded program at Arthur Kill prison, of which Charles Cash is a graduate. Cash was a high school basketball star in Brooklyn who used his reputation to pursue a career dealing drugs and invested his profits in his habit. He tried several times to clean himself up. But counseling at Phoenix House didn't work, nor did a stint in a methadone program, where he used fake names to obtain extra methadone to sell. He ended up in Arthur Kill on a felony extortion charge, and in 1979 entered Stay'n Out. After getting out of jail that same year, Cash found a job doing menial work at a meatpacking plant, and rose during the next seven years to become an assistant manager. He also received an associate degree in child behavior from Long Island University, and in 1987 he returned to Arthur Kill and Stay'n Out as a counselor. "Some people in Washington may not believe in rehabilitation," Cash says from behind his desk at the facility. "But this is where the truth lies. I am a spitting example."

Stay'n Out, pioneered by Ronald Williams, a former heroin addict who helped start Phoenix House in 1967, takes convicts with a history of drug abuse who are within two years of parole and places them in units segregated from the general prison population. Discipline in the wards is strict; those who enter the program are responsible for the appearance and some operations of their unit. For anywhere from nine months to two years, they attend seminars and counseling sessions on subjects ranging from how to find an apartment to how to understand what led to their addiction. "The jailhouse mentality stops at the door," Williams says. "They are residents, not inmates."

Arthur Kill prison is a grimy and depressing place, just a few miles from one of the nation's largest garbage dumps. But walk down a hallway and into the Stay'n Out wing and the atmosphere changes. The relations between guards and prisoners appear relaxed. The area is clean and the bunks are neat, the "residents" better groomed than their fellow "inmates."

At an orientation session in one ward, a counselor explains the hard-and-fast rules of the program: no fighting, no drugs or booze, no lying. Violate one of these and you're out. In another ward a group encounter session produces shouts and even roars; participants in the program must refrain from confrontations with one another until such meetings, where they can let it all out. In the meeting room of a third ward Hank Fury, a former judge who served seventeen months in a federal prison for a $2 million bank fraud, holds sway. He is now working for Stay'n Out, conducting seminars on values, among other things. "To keep off drugs and crime when they get back out (which will make them less of a threat to you and me), these guys are going to need a lot of inner strength," he says before the session. The convicts take it all quite seriously, asking Fury tough questions. If he could go back to his past life of wine, women and fast Cadillacs, why wouldn't he? They want to know how you can avoid feeling that you're only worth what you own and how much money you make. Clearly, the guys in this room are thinking hard about how to keep straight when they leave Arthur Kill.

The residents display a lot of pride in the program. When informed of the B.J.A. cutbacks, they get angry—angry that prisoners in other facilities won't get the chance they have had. Bill Mangot, a mountainous man sentenced in 1983 to nine to eighteen years for armed robbery and looking forward to his first furlough, shakes his head: "It's so obvious. Prison perpetuates low self-esteem. In this pro-

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gram you're treated as a human being, not a piece of junk." Other residents join in. "If you lock up a guy and give him nothing but hard time, he'll be back," says Mike Finch. "Stay'n Out taught me a lot and to think about what I did to end up here. I couldn't deal with that if I was just locked in a cell." Albert Nelson adds, "The folks in Washington should be looking at how to come up with solutions to the crime and drug problems. They have us here in prison. These are problems that can be addressed while we are incarcerated. I used drugs for twenty years and never stopped to look at what I did until I got here. I knew drugs were bad—they say, 'Just Say No'—but I still chose to do drugs."

These men can recite backward and forward all the standard arguments for treatment: the high recidivism rate, the budgetary burdens of building prisons, the cost-benefit case for rehab, how hard time breeds hardened criminals who will be back on the street someday. "Washington is taking the easy way out," gripes Matt Whitfield. "You just lock up the person and try to forget about him." And when Robert Ellevy declares, "I know I'm not the same person who came into the penal system," all the others nod in agreement.

One hundred forty-three men are enrolled in Stay'n Out at Arthur Kill, and forty-six women participate in its program at the Bayview Correctional Facility in Manhattan. The waiting list for Arthur Kill is several hundred names long, which allows the program to accept those convicts who seem most likely to benefit from it. One unit at Arthur Kill serves as a training ward for officials and counselors from other states interested in developing similar plans. Stay'n Out claims a success rate of 78 percent, based on a study that found that three-fourths of its alumni stayed off drugs and were not arrested during their parole period.

Last summer, when the B.J.A. staff in Washington compiled a program plan for this year's discretionary grants, it called for devoting about 20 percent of these awards to prison drug treatment and other correctional programs. In November, according to a Justice Department official who would likely become unemployed if named here, the program staff at the B.J.A. received a sharp message from the higher regions of the department that said, in effect, "Thank you very much. Now we're going to do what we want." And they did.

This year's discretionary budget totals $49.6 million, but not a dime of it is for jailhouse drug rehabilitation. There is, however, up to $2.7 million reserved for the National Citizens' Crime Prevention Campaign, best known for its mascot McGruff, the sleuthing hound who urges us all to "take a bite out of crime." In previous years the program staff, made up of midlevel career employees, went through a very careful and deliberate process in determining who would receive discretionary grants. This year the professionals were cut out of the loop, according to department sources, and the higher-ranking political appointees took over. "The politicals suspect the career employees are not ideologically pure," one Justice official says.

The two political appointees directly responsible for the Office of Justice Programs, which includes the B.J.A., refused to comment on the funding cut. But their public remarks provide clues to the decision. In 1989 Richard Abell, the assistant attorney general in charge of the Office of Justice Programs, contributed an article on the crisis of prison overcrowding to *Policy Review*, the journal of the conservative Heritage Foundation. "Criminal rehabilitation usually doesn't work," he wrote. What will? More prisons. In an address last year to the Federal Bar Association, Clifford White 3d, the deputy assistant attorney general for the Office of Justice Programs, focused on the shortage of prison beds as a key challenge for the criminal justice system. His answer: more prisons.

Since Abell and White—and their boss Thornburgh—are so concerned about the lack of prison space, one might assume they would be interested in a program that could ease overcrowding. About 75 percent of those released from state prisons are rearrested. Stop the revolving door at the jailhouse, and the crisis becomes manageable. Both Abell and White pay lip service to the need to explore innovative solutions, but what they have in mind are the "innovations" of boot camps, house arrest and cheap modular prisons. "Criminal justice people think treatment is coddling, that it's sweet time," one Justice Department official says. "They would like treatment to be surgery—take a piece out of someone's brain and make him a good citizen in thirty days."

Within the department, the political appointees justified the B.J.A. cuts by arguing that such programs should be the province of the Department of Health and Human Services and its National Institute on Drug Abuse. But no such programs yet exist in those agencies; moreover, prison treatment is not a field that the public health sector has much experience in. The Justice Department is simply dropping the ball.

Discretionary funds are bucks with big bangs. The intent has been for the B.J.A. to use them to create a chain reaction within the criminal justice community. Cut them off, and the reaction slows. "We are dismayed by [the cuts]," says Diane Canova, the public policy director of the National Association of State Alcohol and Drug Abuse Directors. She speaks of the fierce competition among state law enforcement and corrections officials for block-grant money and state resources, noting that the money "is usually gobbled up by law enforcement activities. It's hard for state criminal justice planners to trade in money for new radios or police gear for a new rehab wing; it's difficult to wean them away from their past practices."

Stay'n Out's Williams recalls that federal funding was crucial to his program's takeoff in 1977. "At that time there was a lot of resistance within corrections," he says. "To make the program palatable to the New York State corrections officials, we had to have federal funds. Corrections received a gift of a program and personnel. That made it easier for them to give it a shot."

The very success of jail treatment programs may have led to their defunding. "What we apparently did was catalyze a lot of thinking about rehab, and not just for drug abusers but for all offenders," says Dr. Douglas Lipton, director of research of Narcotic and Drug Research Inc., which re-

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ceived $1.3 million in B.J.A. grants, in part to help states develop prison drug-treatment programs. "That may have triggered a response in that part of the Justice Department that doesn't believe in any rehabilitation."

Treatment in general has not been a top priority of the Bush Administration's crusade against drugs. Of the $10.6 billion proposed for next year's federal antidrug budget, 70 percent is reserved for law enforcement, corrections and interdiction; only 14 percent is earmarked for treatment. Dr. Beny Primm, director of Health and Human Services' new Office for Treatment Improvement, has actually called for a moratorium on new money for treatment, claiming that many publicly funded treatment programs are not spending all the available funds.

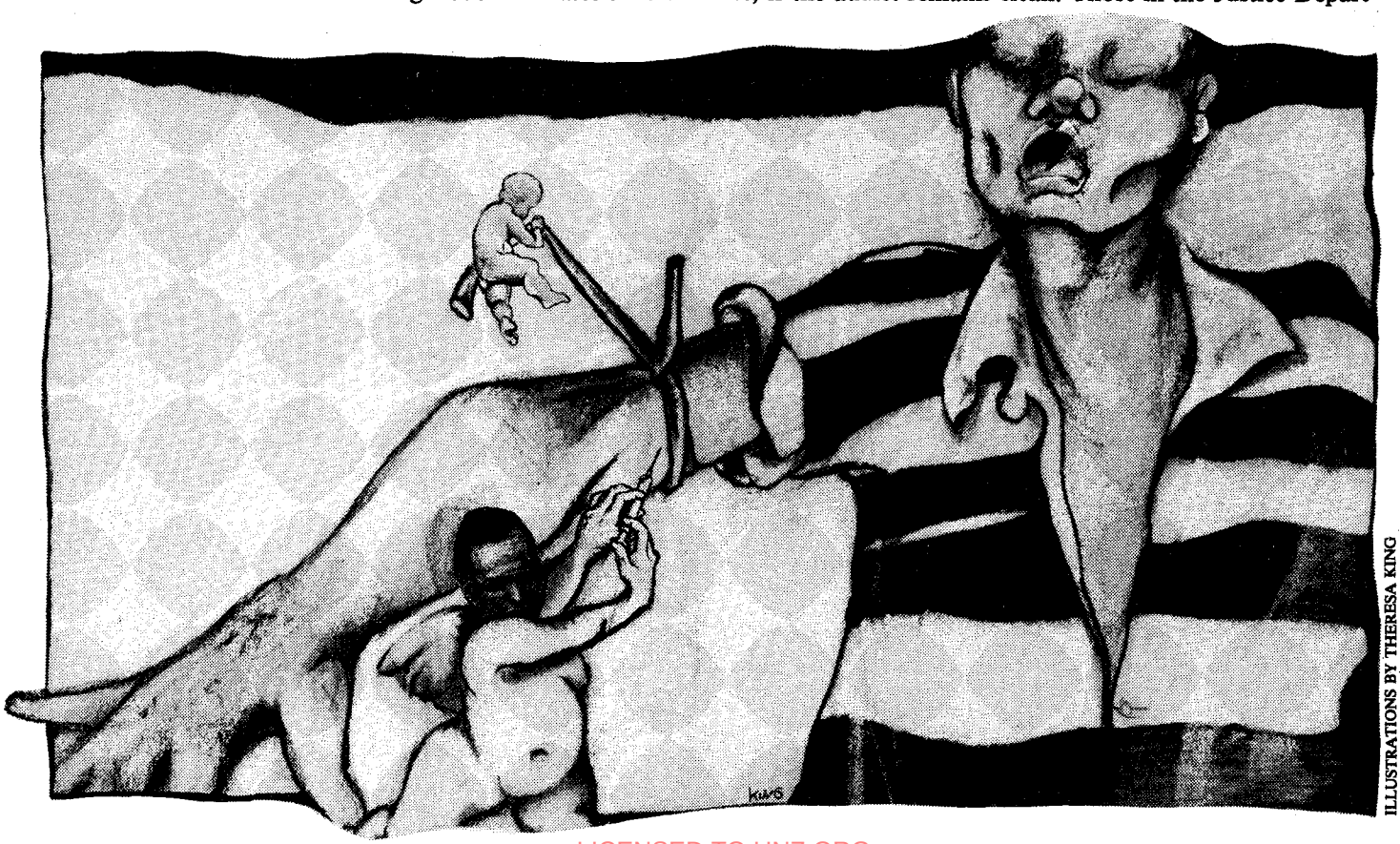
At the same time, the National Association of State Alcohol and Drug Abuse Directors estimates that only 13 percent of the 10.6 million Americans who need treatment are receiving it. Still, no one has yet come up with a grand plan for a national treatment-on-demand program, and even some drug policy experts sympathetic to the concept note that any such program would face daunting obstacles, not least among them the reluctance of many addicts to apply for treatment and then stick with it.

Studies do show that a great number of substance abusers come into contact with the criminal justice system and that the success of drug rehabilitation is often contingent on the length of treatment. In fact, a recent study funded by the Justice Department estimates that as many as 1.3 million recent arrestees in major metropolitan areas are cocaine users—more than the 620,000 to 1.2 million weekly cocaine users the National Institute on Drug Abuse estimates exist in the entire nation. This makes jail an ideal spot for rehab. Even the White House cannot avoid conceding this, at least on paper. The National Drug Control Strategy it released last September notes that prisons "can provide an opportunity for treatment, and more such programs should be designed, demonstrated, and evaluated." The report hails Stay'n Out as a program that has produced encouraging results and that should be replicated by states using federal grants. The Justice Department didn't get the message.

Prison drug rehabilitation is no magic solution. The Stay'n Out counselors acknowledge that most residents, even after they complete the program, still don't realize what they are going to face on the outside. Some, but not all, will obtain post-release treatment. Stay'n Out is planning to open its first residential treatment center in the Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood of Brooklyn, but it will have only forty to fifty beds. When inmates leave Arthur Kill, all that New York State gives them is a suit, $40 and a subway token.

These men are going to be out on the street one way or another. Our choice is between an ex-con who has had treatment and one who has spent his time in the general prison population. Bill Mangot, the armed robber now just nine credits short of a Bachelor of Arts degree in sociology from St. John's University, knows that drug rehab programs won't work for all convicts: "But for most it gives them a better chance. If they were not here they'd be on even shakier ground when they get out."

One need not have sympathy for criminals to realize that taxpaying and law-abiding citizens (especially those most likely to be crime victims) are better off if the ex-con makes it, if the addict remains clean. Those in the Justice Depart-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THERESA KING

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ment and elsewhere who talk tough about fighting crime and prosecuting a War on Drugs but then cut a program that demonstrably reduces the number of substance abusers and criminals are hypocrites. They are hard on criminals, but soft on crime. □

COULD GANTT UNSEAT HELMS?

Black Hope in North Carolina

BARRY YEOMAN

You can drive for miles along North Carolina's Piedmont Crescent—the arc of cities running from Charlotte to Raleigh—and never see a Jesse Helms bumper sticker. Instead, you'll see scores of automobiles bearing the slogan, "I'm From North Carolina and I Don't Support Jesse Helms." The most conservative member of the Senate is up for re-election this year, and even his own political organization admits that a strong Democrat could beat him.

Certainly many North Carolinians are proud of their Jesse for taking a stand against Communists, homosexuals and the liberal news media. But for many others, he's a politician like any other, someone they've supported in the past and may or may not support again, depending on who else comes along.

The fact is that most North Carolina farmers and mill workers don't share Helms's political agenda. They want clean water and pristine national parks, and they fear their state will become the home of a new low-level nuclear waste dump. They feel uneasy about their economic future, and they worry about affordable child care and occupational safety and what will happen if someone in their family racks up a $50,000 medical bill.

They're people like Doris Craig, who sells yarn for an outlet store in the textile town of Spindale. "I'd like to see wages go up. I would like to see the blue-collar people have something," she says. "And I would like to see these corporations pay taxes—because there are so many loopholes." Helms has paid scant attention to those issues, yet he keeps winning.

Part of the Senator's success is due to his down-home charm. But it's also because, until this year, North Carolina's meek Democratic Party has been unwilling to challenge the Senator's views. Six years ago, Democratic challenger Jim Hunt frittered away a twenty-point lead over Helms by running a feel-good campaign with little substance. When the popular Governor finally took a stand, it was to say that he supported school prayer, the Reagan military buildup and aid to the Nicaraguan *contras*. His effort to out-Helms Helms cost him the election.

Barry Yeoman is an associate editor of the Independent, *a news magazine in Durham, North Carolina.*

Hunt's defeat gave Helms six more years to build his Washington power base. From his Capitol Hill office, the three-term Senator has run a shadow State Department, sending his aides trotting around the globe to collect sensitive information and help prop up anti-Communist dictators. He has become Congress's leading opponent of civil rights legislation and AIDS education, and he has cast a chilling pall over publicly funded art.

But this year, as Helms tries for a fourth term, the mood among North Carolina Democrats has changed. The four major Democrats vying for the Senate seat seem more willing to define the issues on their own terms and show where Helms is out of step with his constituents. One Democrat is running on a theme of "Ninety Reasons to Dump Jesse Helms in 1990." Another is campaigning on a set of "breakfast-table issues" such as home ownership and offshore oil drilling, which he says Helms has ignored.

The most intriguing candidate—and the one who has got the most support among grass-roots progressives—is 47-year-old architect Harvey Gantt, the former Mayor of Charlotte. If he defeats Helms in November, Gantt will not only become the only black Senator serving (and one of two this century) but he will have the distinction of retiring one of the country's most powerful and feared national leaders. That's a daunting challenge, but the polls show that Gantt might be within striking distance of making history.

It wouldn't be the first time. More than twenty years before his election as Charlotte's Mayor, Gantt was among two dozen high school seniors who integrated the S.H. Kress lunch counter in his hometown of Charleston, South Carolina. Several years later he won the right to enroll in Clemson University, thus toppling the last fully segregated university system in the United States. (Gantt's admission to Clemson closely followed James Meredith's historic first day at the University of Mississippi. Ironically, Meredith now serves as a researcher for Helms.)

But Gantt's biggest claim to fame is his election in 1983 as the Mayor of Charlotte, a city 75 percent white, with strong Republican leanings. In a city traditionally run by white bankers, Gantt was elected as a neighborhood advocate who could forge ties both with downtown business leaders and with the black community.

During his first four years as Mayor, Gantt concentrated on one major issue: managing Charlotte's booming growth. He urged his colleagues to revitalize the downtown area and strengthen Charlotte's inner-city neighborhoods; he discouraged limitless and costly suburban sprawl. "He was a visionary," says Bill McCoy, director of the Urban Institute at the University of North Carolina, Charlotte. "He could see how an urban community could develop, and he was successful at promoting a vision."

Gantt presided over the construction of a coliseum and performing arts center, a downtown transit mall and a new city-county government complex. Very few of these "glitter projects," as Gantt calls them, were high on the black community's agenda. And sometimes the Mayor did things he knew would alienate blacks. In 1984 he endorsed Walter Mondale's presidential bid over Jesse Jackson's; three years

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later he broke ranks with some black leaders by calling for the resignation of a popular local black official who had been convicted of sexual assault.

But the community stuck with him. One reason is that Gantt's administration took a lead in helping the poor, though not always in traditional ways. For instance, the Mayor championed spreading low-income housing throughout the city even when those plans threatened his middle-class neighborhood support.

But for all his successes, Gantt failed to transform Charlotte as fundamentally as many had hoped he would. The suburbs kept growing and the traffic kept clogging, and by the end of his second term the Mayor had got too caught up in the national spotlight to notice the city's discontent. He had won a seat on the Democratic National Committee, and party leaders pegged him as one of their rising stars—a telegenic black politician who combined Doug Wilder's palatability to conservative whites with Jesse Jackson's passion about justice and poverty issues. The Mayor's datebook filled up with speaking engagements, including a speech at Harvard University on the emerging role of blacks in the South.

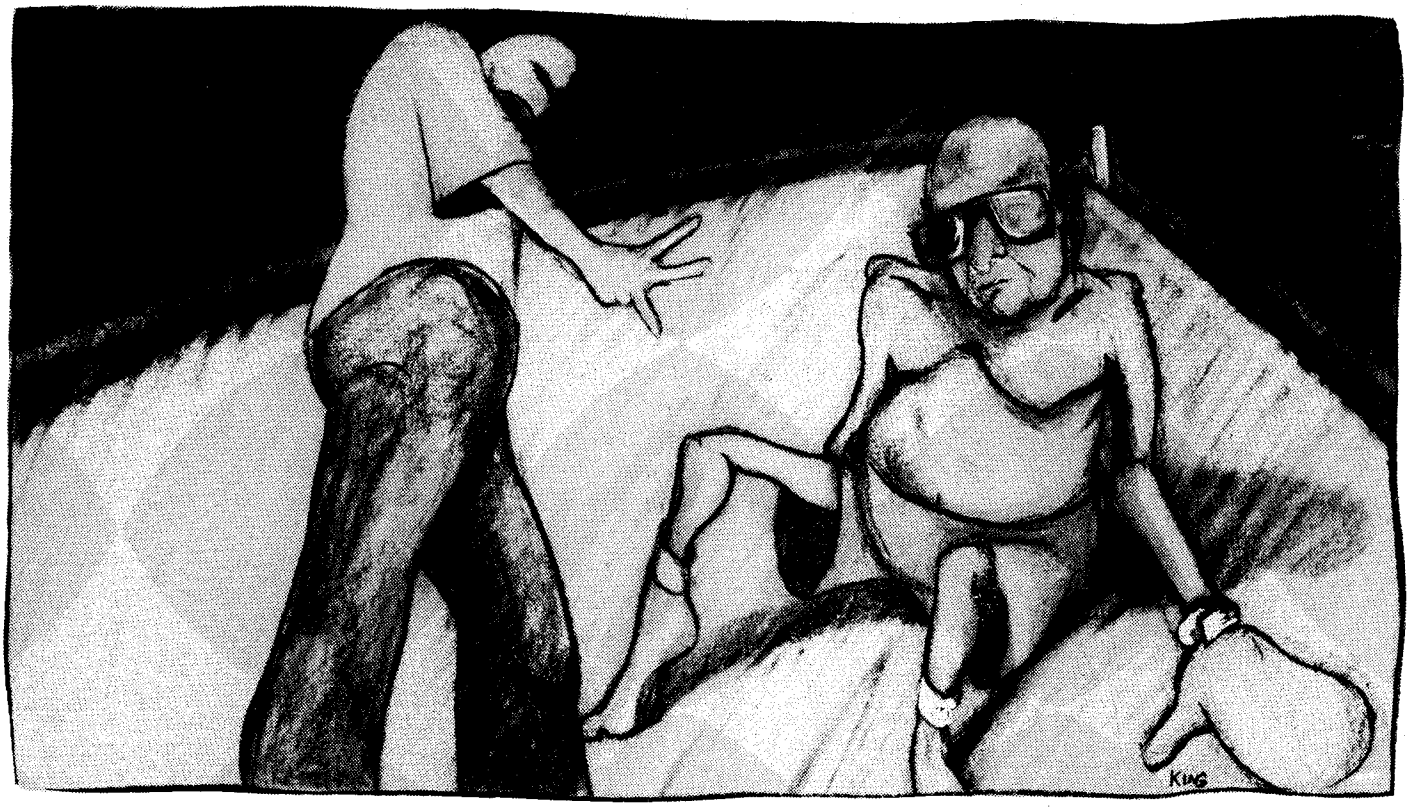
None of that national fame mattered in Charlotte, where traffic jams got longer and longer. Gantt's 1987 challenger, Republican Sue Myrick, pounded hard on the traffic issue and beat the complacent Gantt by 900 votes.

Now Gantt faces his greatest challenge yet. The polls say that he is running second among the four major Democrats in the May 8 primary behind John Ingram, but conventional wisdom holds that he's still the front-runner—the candidate with the most solid support, starting with the black vote (which is 25 percent of the Democratic Party electorate) and including that of activist liberals, feminists and environmentalists, as well as strong business backing in the Charlotte area. If, as now seems likely, Gantt does not win the primary by 40 percent of the vote, he faces a runoff in early June. If he wins the nomination—which is far from guaranteed in a state with a history of voting along racial lines—the nation's eyes will be focused on North Carolina, where one of the Democratic Party's most promising black leaders will face the most powerful foe of federal civil rights legislation.

Former *Charlotte Observer* reporter Ken Eudy predicts that Gantt can win if five things happen: if he runs a flawless campaign, if he remains unequivocal on his issues, if he raises $5 million, if the national economy takes a dip and if Helms makes mistakes. "It can't be four of those five. It has to be all five," he says.

So far, Gantt's campaign strategy has been to establish broad priorities that set him apart from Helms. Without making detailed proposals, he has talked about improving industrial wages, making college affordable, providing decent health care for the working class and poor. He has come out as solidly pro-choice. And he has expressed his concern that mergers, buyout schemes and cheap overseas labor are throwing people out of work.

Gantt is banking that being black will help draw distinct lines between himself and Helms, heightening the drama and showing voters that Helms doesn't care about issues affecting ordinary North Carolinians. "Mr. Helms has managed to grab headlines on public funding for the arts, but I have never seen him champion the cause of a decent health-insurance program for the working people of North Carolina," Gantt said in the speech announcing his candidacy. "He has spent a lot of time invading the privacy of Ameri-



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ca's bedrooms, but I have never heard him speak to parents of this state about the high social cost of teenage pregnancy, child abuse and high infant-mortality rates."

What Gantt has not brought to the campaign is passion. He comes across as aloof, and his stump speeches sound like college lectures. Gantt talks about protecting the environment but does not try to stir voters by talking about the corporate recklessness that has contaminated so many of North Carolina's waterways. He talks about low wages but never lashes out at union-busting industries.

Part of the reason may be that Gantt feels restrained by his ties to Charlotte's business community; the head of one of the South's largest banks, North Carolina National Bank's Hugh McColl Jr., is a longtime financial benefactor and his political mentor. More important, Gantt himself is a wealthy professional; he is not a populist at heart. He cares about the working poor, but he doesn't see their plight as stemming from corporate greed.

That absence of populist passion could be his downfall. A March survey by the Raleigh *News & Observer* gave Helms a 49 to 32 percent lead over Gantt. That's a good position for Gantt to be in right now, particularly because, in the same survey, 49.5 percent rated Helms's job performance as either fair or poor. But if Gantt wants to overtake Helms he must offer a true alternative and show voters how their Senator has failed them. □

REVOLUTION OF '89

Marxism's Obit Is Premature

ROBIN FOX

Has history ended? Is communism dead and democracy triumphant? Is the future one of endless minor readjustments of an essentially capitalist economy and liberal democratic polity? Is Marxism discredited? We have been hearing variations on these themes ever since the Poles started knocking over the dominoes in Eastern Europe and Gorbachev started on the road to *perestroika* and *glasnost* in the Soviet Union.

But perhaps we should pause to ask just what has ended, what is dead, what is discredited? Glee may be premature; what is happening may be the reverse of what is celebrated so cheerfully. What is happening may well be to the discredit of certain totalitarian regimes, but does the fall of Ceausescu mean the demise of Marxism as a theory of social change? Does the introduction of free-market elements into socialist economies mean the inevitable triumph of capitalism? Let us be cautious.

On the theoretical front, what is in disrepute is a theory often loosely labeled "Marxism" by careless commentators but always carefully noted as "Marxism-Leninism" by the pedants. And to the strict adherent to the works of Marx it is the "Leninism" that is operative. Marx certainly called for a "revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat" to insure that the forces of capitalist reaction would not overturn the fragile revolution. But it was to be strictly a transitional stage on the way to true communism, not a permanent institutionalization of state power. Marx hated the state—any version—as vehemently as the most dedicated laissez-faire capitalist. "Freedom consists in transforming the state from an organ dominating society into one completely subordinate to it," he wrote in 1875 in his "Critique of the Gotha Program." This statement could have been proudly displayed on the banners in Poland and Romania.

Lenin began the process of totalitarian statism that ended in Stalin and his immediate successors. The true meaning of Marxism was distorted as surely as the Christian Church has distorted the teachings of Christ. (Perhaps we should really call Christianity "Christism-Paulism," to push the analogy. Thus what is happening now could even be seen as a kind of Reformation; but read on.) The total domination by a state apparatus was anathema to Marx, and he would have rejoiced along with the rest of us to see it fall. That it was a "socialist" and not a "capitalist" state makes no difference. Marx held no particular brief for the notion of a socialist state; that was Lenin's contribution.

What Marx did not foresee was that the overthrow of the capitalist state would be neither immediate nor irreversible; it might have its ups and downs, its progressions and regressions. Many commentators have pointed out that one of the difficulties with his theory is that the revolution was not predicted for Russia or for Eastern Europe, and certainly not for China; all of these were notably undeveloped capitalist societies. And we must remember that the fiercest internal struggle in Russia was not between proletarians and capitalists at all but between the Stalinist state and the recalcitrant peasantry, from 1929 to 1933. It can be (and has been) plausibly argued that what took place in Russia and China was not a genuine proletarian revolution against capitalism at all, and that what followed was certainly not a genuine dictatorship of the proletariat but the establishment of yet another Oriental despotism. Milovan Djilas, in *The New Class*, gives one version of this criticism from within the Marxist tradition.

After World War II this form of statism was forced onto the incipiently industrial-capitalist Eastern European countries (with the connivance of the capitalist states). In addition, nailing "Marxism-Leninism" to their mastheads, various Third World "revolutionaries" proceeded to establish totalitarian states in tribal and peasant societies, which had in most cases not even reached the first stage of capitalism. Paul M. Sweezy (see "Is This Then the End of Socialism?" February 26), in trying to save something for "socialism" out of the current turmoil, refers to these states as being "inspired by the alternative principles of socialism that were given their classic formulation by Karl Marx in the nineteenth century." But while Marx certainly said that the temporary proletarian government should seize the means of

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production, distribution and exchange from the capitalists, he said nothing about, and would have been horrified by, despotism, secret police, totalitarian repression, gulags, purges, genocide and grandiose arms programs. Those consequences of Leninism are what have brought about the downfall of "socialist" regimes, along with the failure of the totalitarian system of production to raise living standards.

For Marx (and Engels is always understood here) the only route to true communism was through the internal contradictions of capitalism. These had to be fully developed and fully played out before a proletariat endowed with true class consciousness could emerge and make the transition to the next stage. This progression for Marx was governed by laws of history; there was no way of cutting corners. One could never reach communism via state despotisms imposed by external forces, as in Eastern Europe, or dictatorships established by charismatic tyrants in noncapitalist countries.

In this view, then, the past seventy years or so can be seen as an interruption of the basic processes of social change, and one which a Marxist, as opposed to an apologist for Soviet-style tyranny, would have predicted to be inherently unstable and doomed to failure. In the view of genuine Marxist theory, capitalism must run its course. There is no warrant for shortcuts. But because of the urge to believe that the millennium was coming in their lifetime, many *soi-disant* Marxists desperately went along with the Leninist model and rationalized the very un-Marxist consequences. Marx, who was not one to suffer fools gladly, would have scorned their simple-minded, "unscientific" impatience.

What is now happening, then, could be seen as a massive vindication of Marxism, not the opposite. The Eastern Europeans are reverting to the capitalist mode of production and the liberal democratic state, which is its necessary superstructure. The primitive oligarchic tyrannies that have held up the march of social change have been rightly swept away. Capitalism can now be allowed to run its course, and eventually the real revolution will occur. This may be further delayed because what these countries will revert to is not a true laissez-faire economy but a compromise with "welfare socialism," where massive ameliorations of the workers' lot—assuming these can be achieved—will stem the tide for a while. But insofar as the regimes are basically capitalist in their mode of production (as even Sweden, the new "model" society, is), the contradictions will reassert themselves and inflation, recession, unemployment and maldistribution of wealth will accumulate to the inevitable breaking point.

Then, the Marxist could claim, the true revolution of the true proletariat will take place and the transitional proletarian dominance will lead to the (hazy) utopia of true communism: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need." Of course, we are free to believe this will not happen. I am not a Marxist and I would like to think it won't. I think certain primitive mechanisms such as nationalism, religion and nepotism will always upset the Marxist predictions based on class. But what we are not correct in saying is that it *cannot* happen because the events of the past year indicate a final and inevitable triumph of capitalism and democracy and the demise of communism. The trouble with communism is like the proverbial trouble with Christianity: It hasn't been tried. Now, after the shortcut of Leninism, things are back to normal; history is back on course. Having burped up Leninism, it can now get back to trying to digest capitalism. The Marxist prediction, far from being discredited, is still open. Those who wish to prevent its realization had better recognize this fact before they become too complacent about the end of something that never happened. □

'INNOCENT VICTIMS'

The Politics of Pediatric AIDS

DAVID L. KIRP

There was a moment of genuine national sorrow when Ryan White recently died. The 18-year-old had come to symbolize the toll that AIDS takes on the young. Diagnosed five years earlier, banished from the public schools of his hometown in the Indiana heartland, his matter-of-fact dignity won over a judge—and millions of Americans—to his cause. Here was the AIDS poster child: everyone's child, everyone's innocent victim.

At a time when AIDS policy for adults remains embattled terrain, the young exert a powerful and seemingly noncontroversial claim on Congressional attention. Last month, a parade of irresistibles—heroic doctors, earnest researchers and one remarkable woman with a personal AIDS tragedy to recount—appeared before Congress. They sought $65 million in new money for children with AIDS and a pediatric AIDS czar to place astride the ungainly federal bureaucracy.

With so many powerful lawmakers on both sides of the aisle signed up for the cause, so many wrenching life dramas to recount, these advocates will probably get their way. But now, thoughtful AIDS activists inside and outside Congress worry that the balance in federal policy has tipped too far.

The fear is that focusing so much attention on caring for the tiny proportion of AIDS patients who are children—they number just 2,055, fewer than 2 percent of the 121,645 AIDS cases recorded by the Centers for Disease Control—could mean shortchanging all the rest. In the 1989 budget, for example, pediatric AIDS received $7.8 million and adult AIDS $14.7 million for out-of-hospital services such as home and hospice care and counseling. In this year's budget, support for children's services nearly doubled, to $15 million; adult services barely increased, to $17.4 million.

Helping children with AIDS seems, at first glance, to be the one noncontroversial aspect of an otherwise vexed federal AIDS policy. It's a motherhood issue with the perfect mother for a spokesperson, an AIDS cause that even Jesse

David L. Kirp, a professor at the Graduate School of Public Policy, University of California, Berkeley, is the author of Learning by Heart: AIDS and Schoolchildren in America's Communities *(Rutgers University Press).*

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Helms can embrace, for the appeal of children is universal. Pediatric AIDS, for several years a back-burner issue, has made its way to the top of the legislative agenda because of a remarkable woman: Elizabeth Glaser, wife of *Starsky and Hutch* star Paul Michael Glaser.

Glaser herself has AIDS, the result of a transfusion of tainted blood nine years ago, and she unknowingly passed the virus along to her two children, one of whom has since died. Out of that personal tragedy has come a national crusade on behalf of AIDS-stricken children. Glaser's urgings go down well with lawmakers who are made politically and personally uneasy by the familiar association of AIDS with gays and drug-users. "She gets meetings where other AIDS activists can't get past the doorman," marveled one Congressional staff member.

But for all its understandable political appeal, does concentrating on such a tiny and atypical part of the AIDS caseload make sense?

Additional dollars for research on pediatric AIDS are surely justified and hold promise for real progress. The course of AIDS for children is distinctive – they develop different symptoms, they respond differently to drugs – and this means distinctive therapies are required. These can have dramatic effects. "I've seen children who had stopped walking after they developed AIDS walk again when they took AZT," says Dr. Philip Pizzo of the National Cancer Institute, "and children who had stopped talking begin to talk."

Moreover, stepped-up research might resolve an important mystery about pediatric AIDS. Just one mother in three with AIDS will pass the virus along to the child, and little is known about the timing or the mode of transmission. "It's possible that only at birth, with the normal sharing of blood during placental separation, is the virus transmitted," Pizzo notes. "We're beginning to test whether the antiviral drugs administered at birth – even to the fetus – could stop its spread. If a vaccine is developed, conceivably it could be given to newborns or even earlier."

Pediatric AIDS research promises to benefit more than a handful of youngsters. "We're learning how infants fight off infections like pneumocystis pneumonia, and that's relevant to adult AIDS patients," says Pizzo.

But when it comes to increased dollars for treatment, child-centeredness is counterproductive. "Pediatric AIDS has always been an easy escape for those who don't want to focus on the rest of the issues," observes June Osborne, dean of the University of Michigan's School of Public Health and chair of the National Commission on AIDS. John Gagnon, a sociology professor at the State University of New York at Stony Brook who serves on the National Academy of Sciences Commission on AIDS Research, is more blunt. "In Washington there has always been a huge strain of homophobia about AIDS. The motto is 'women and children first.'"

AIDS is unusual because it's a family affair; the virus can be transmitted from mother to child. Pizzo, who has worked for two decades with children who have cancer and in recent years has become one of the country's leading pediatric AIDS researchers, sees crucial social differences between the social ecology of the two diseases. "In cancer cases," he notes, "the families are usually intact and healthy. They can count on community support. But with [pediatric] AIDS, often only the mother is around and she is infected too. Not only doesn't she get help from her community, she's usually shunned."

That's why, doctors and public health officials argue, it's wisest to maintain a single institutional umbrella for all those with AIDS. "Under one roof means that the mothers get

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care—and can take better care of their kids," says Dr. James Oleske of Newark's Children's Hospital, the country's best-known pediatric AIDS clinician. It also means that money can be spent on those who need it most: boarder babies in Newark, for instance, or gay Latinos in Houston.

The bureaucratic practice of separating care for children from that of other family members often obliges mothers to choose between themselves and their children. "The mothers I know," Oleske says, "will almost always choose the child." But why should they have to make this agonizing choice?

Congress and the Administration don't see matters this way because they are fixated on families like the Glasers, where AIDS was acquired "innocently"—"through no fault of their own," as Ed Bradley put it at the outset of a recent *60 Minutes* segment telling the Glasers' story. Yet the real issue is microbes, not morals. Among the children with AIDS, just one in five was exposed to the virus through a blood transfusion or the blood-clotting concentrate required by hemophiliacs, and the proportion continues to drop. In all the other instances, AIDS has been passed on by the mother. Almost always the entire family, not just the child, is desperate for help.

Publicly, the government's emphasis on pediatric AIDS—doubling spending this year—goes uncriticized. That's understandable. With federal AIDS funding under sharp attack from those who insist the advocates have deliberately exaggerated the threat to extract dollars from Washington, any bickering within the AIDS lobby can only harm the common cause.

The real problem, argues Susan Campbell of the American Pediatric Academy, is the overall health budget: "The fact that Washington isn't upping the ante is pitting desperate groups against one another." Some critics of the AIDS lobby rely on more incendiary language. "It is not fair to penalize victims of cancer because they do not knit quilts or blockade the Golden Gate Bridge," wrote Michael Fumento in his widely cited diatribe, *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS.*

"Publicly we say, 'The more money for AIDS the better,'" reports one well-placed Washington AIDS activist. Privately, the activist acknowledges that "this new pediatric AIDS money came too fast. It's being wasted on conferences and task forces, on retraining foster-care providers who have always been ready to help special populations. And a lot of money has gone to states like North Carolina and Florida, which focus on children with AIDS, period."

The Health Resources and Services Administration, which administers this program, also complains privately about the mismatch between need and budgeted dollars. The agency would like to right that balance, H.R.S.A. officials report. That would enable more cities to adopt what's known as the San Francisco model, with its shortened hospital stays and wide array of support for people with AIDS regardless of age. The model offers everything from hot meals for shut-ins to psychiatric outpatient therapy. But so powerful is the appeal of childhood for the politicians that H.R.S.A. officials dare not deliver this message directly to Congress.

The key question is whether the push for pediatric AIDS money will help or hinder the overall AIDS effort. "If the politicians can move from the Elizabeth Glaser tragedy of a dying Hollywood child, seeing the link between children and the big picture on AIDS, that's good," says one Congressional staff member. "But if they latch on to the baby piece as their shtick for AIDS—that's trouble." □

Haitians

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

cane down low near the ground where it is sweetest. The cane leaves cut your hands and are covered with delicate needles, as sharp as cactus, that get under the skin and stay there.

Workers sweating in the sun are always losing control of their machetes and ripping open a foot or hand or slashing off a toe or finger. After a few years in the fields, cane cutters' working hands have palms as tough as an old mule's hide. But at the beginning they are just a mass of raw blisters and blood. There is no training for the novice. The only thing a new worker gets from the plantation chiefs is a machete—and sometimes a pair of rough rubber boots. No protective clothing and no medical care. Workers have to live on the plantation. The food is scarce and unaffordable. The housing is inadequate. The pay is terrible. The unions are disorganized, or defunct, or in the service of the State Sugar Council (C.E.A.), which runs most of the country's plantations.

No, cane cutting is not work for Dominicans. Cane cutting is work for Haitians. Since the early 1920s thousands of Haitians have crossed the border between the two countries every fall to cut cane for the Dominican sugar harvest, the *zafra.* The historical roots of the yearly Haitian migration are not hard to uncover. Both Haiti and the Dominican Republic were occupied by the United States in the early 1900s (Haiti, 1915-34; the Dominican Republic, 1916-24). During that period, as the British author Roger Plant notes in his book *Sugar and Modern Slavery*, foreigners began to snap up land, and "there was a huge increase in the Dominican land area under sugar cane cultivation. And as labour demands increased correspondingly, a cheaper supply was to be found next door in Haiti." Haitian cane cutters also migrated to Cuba in the 1910s and 1920s.

But although Dominicans did not want to cut the cane, they were not pleased about the influx of Haitians. Haitianization, it was called, or "the clandestine Haitian invasion." Indeed, relations between the two countries that share the island of Hispaniola have never been better than uneasy. In 1822 the Dominican Republic was occupied by Haiti, and memories of that bitter occupation sharpened the Dominicans' distrust of and disrespect for their black neighbors. In the 1930s the Depression hit the Caribbean nations hard,

Amy Wilentz recently took part in an Americas Watch delegation to Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Her book The Rainy Season: Haiti Since Duvalier *(Simon and Schuster) won the 1989 Martha Albrand/PEN prize for nonfiction. This is the first of two articles.*

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and the price of sugar fell. In 1937 Cuba's Fulgencio Batista kicked off the island every Haitian his army could find. That same year, the Dominican dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo massacred some 20,000 Haitian settlers and migrant workers near the northern border between the two countries. After an international investigation, Trujillo got off with a slap on the wrist, paying the Haitian government a $750,000 indemnity or, as Haitian historians like to point out, $37.50 for each Haitian killed.

It may not sound like a lot, but it is more than twice what the Dominican government currently pays for live Haitians. Fifteen to twenty dollars a head is the maximum price the C.E.A. now pays its recruiters for each Haitian worker brought into the country for the *zafra*. Often recruiters sell Haitians for $7 or $10. Recruiters—known as *buscones*, or searchers—many of them of Haitian extraction, go into Haiti in the months before the harvest begins and round up as many Haitians as they can, sometimes by force, sometimes under false pretenses and sometimes just by telling them there is work in the Dominican Republic (there is none in Haiti). The *buscones* bring the Haitians across the border, where they are held for transport to the plantations. At the border, according to recent interviews with dozens of first-time cane cutters, either a Dominican army officer or a C.E.A. official pays the recruiter for his *braceros*, or cane cutters. The recruiter then returns to Haiti to find more. In the trade, Haitians are called the cargo, the delivery, the material. This is a traffic in human beings.

For 150 pesos a month, Efraim Novas Guzmán rents out a house to the C.E.A. in Limón, near the border at Jimaní. Novas was once a petty official in Joaquín Balaguer's ruling Reformist Social Christian Party, and he claims that Balaguer personally gave him the house. Haitians who have just crossed the border at Jimaní stay at Novas's until a bus comes to take them to the plantations.

At Novas's house, the method for paying the recruiters is more bureaucratic than the swift border payment. The recruiter delivers his Haitians to Novas, who gives the recruiter a receipt for the cargo (Novas's copies of the receipts show that the Haitians are not listed by name but by amount: "Jan. 3, 1990: seven *braceros*"). The recruiters are later paid directly by the C.E.A. for their delivery.

During the height of the cane season, about fifteen Haitians are brought in every night through Jimaní. Novas houses them in a small outbuilding with no beds. The C.E.A. gives him three tanks of water each year, and he has a stock, also provided by the council, of fifteen old foam mattresses. The Haitians are not fed. Novas says he asked the C.E.A. a long time ago for lemon and sugar to put in their water for sustenance, but so far he has not received a response.

Often, Novas says, the Haitians—sometimes including women and children—stay three nights, without food, while Novas waits for the bus to come to take them to the Barahona plantation in the southwest. Novas says the C.E.A. has not yet paid him the rent he is due (150 pesos a month is about $245 a year). He says he doesn't mind. "I do it for my country," he says.

Novas also reports that Haitians who come as seasonal

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workers in the bean fields near the border are often picked up by the military and transported to the cane plantations. Many Haitians on the plantations tell the same story: They had come to work in the bean fields and were later arrested by men in uniform as they worked, then taken to a central station where a bus picked them up and transported them under military surveillance to a *batey*, the living quarters on part of a plantation. They were picked up to work in the cane because the color of their skin and the lowliness of their work identified them as Haitians. None of the soldiers ever asked their nationality, although many Dominicans are as black as many Haitians.

"The military simply sees them as black fieldworkers," says Jean-Baptiste Edouard, a human rights worker affiliated with the Catholic Church in the Dominican Republic. "Because they are black fieldworkers, they are therefore Haitian, therefore they have no rights, therefore it's O.K. to kidnap them, and therefore you can sell them."

Novas interprets the military's behavior differently. "There is an understanding between the military and the plantations," he says. "The lieutenants know they are to get as many Haitians as they can for the cane, including from other fields." When asked how much the soldiers are paid for the Haitians they round up, Novas shakes his head. "No, no. The soldiers are not paid. They do it out of humanity."

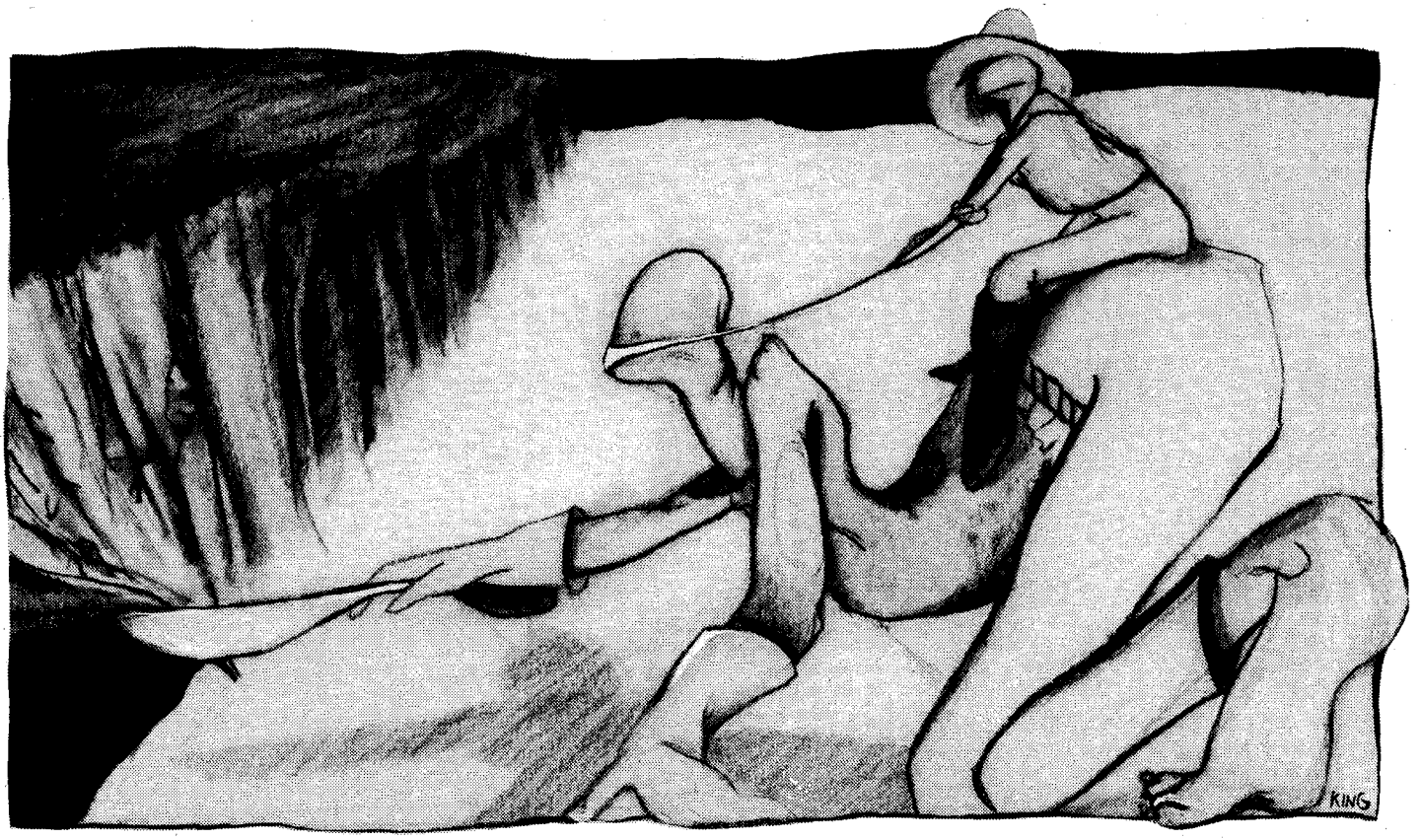
Such humanity operates throughout the C.E.A. system. When the Haitians arrive at the border, they are given pink health cards that certify them free of malaria, although they are not tested for the disease. Most Haitians who come through the border believe the card has something to do with getting to the *batey*, as though it were a *laissez-passer*, or a temporary identification card. These are the ones who are never seen by a doctor. Others say they were herded together and given inoculations upon arrival in the Dominican Republic, and then were handed their card. All of them—men, women and children—were given shots from the same unsterilized needle.

Such measures are only the first taste for the *braceros* of the way of life on the *batey*. Cane cutters on a number of C.E.A. *bateys* in the southwest report that they were stripped upon arrival and that their clothing was confiscated, forcing them to work and sleep in a pair of shorts. According to the major-domo, or chief of security, at Batey Santa Fe, the clothing was taken in order to discourage runaways.

Flight is not forbidden by Dominican law, which allows freedom of movement to all. But the rules governing the plantations and the Haitians are made by the C.E.A. Every night at least one guard roams the *batey*, checking each room to make sure all the cutters are accounted for. The major-domo also patrols on horseback. The *guarda campestre*—a plantation watchman cum policeman—will pick up any stray Haitians he finds wandering away from the *batey*. "If you leave, you will be arrested," all *braceros* are told upon arrival. Punishment for attempted flight is imprisonment for a day or so, and return to the plantation.

Although runaways have been frequent in the past, the military's method of arrest and return seems to have stanched the flow. But still, *braceros* continually disappear from the *batey*, many of them, like runaway slaves in colonial days, to cultivate coffee in the hills, where they can be located only with difficulty by the *guarda*.

Ever since Jean-Claude Duvalier fell from power in Haiti in 1986 and the longstanding contract between the Do-



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minican and Haitian governments regulating Haitian migrant labor lapsed, there has been a shortage of cane cutters, as well as of other agricultural workers, in the Dominican Republic. This means that the *jefes*, or overseers, from one farm or plantation are constantly trying to steal *braceros* from the others. Competition is fierce, as the kidnappings from the bean fields attest. In addition, *braceros* (commonly called *kongos*, as were Caribbean slaves born in Africa) are almost uniformly miserable in their new surroundings and want either to return to Haiti or to escape to another plantation with a better reputation for housing, working conditions, food prices, running water. Almost none of the *kongos* who want to flee to Haiti make it to the border undetected. If they do, they will be stopped for having no documentation and immediately penned up with newly arrived Haitians to be taken back to the *batey*.

Children who cut cane are less anxious to leave the *batey*. Few of them have known any other life, and not going to school seems normal to them. The plantation functionaries who weigh the sugarcane that the workers bring in, and the men who issue the workers' pay chits each day, never bother to ask the child cane cutters how old they are. The children range in age from 13 to 16, but Yonel Jean-Baptiste, a young man from Batey Five on the C.E.A.'s southwestern Barahona plantation, says he has been cutting since he was about 6 years old. There are many others who started before the age of 10.

Yonel doesn't really know how old he is today—his friends think he might be 17. Many of the youngest cane cutters work with their fathers and add their small heap of cuttings to the paternal pile at the end of the day. But not Yonel, who has no parents. He says he was kidnapped as a child and taken from Haiti to Batey Five. "I was very little then, and that's when I started cutting cane," he says with some pride. "I always cut for my own receipts, never with anyone else. At first I gave my money to the girl who kidnapped me, but finally I stopped doing that. None of the *jefes* ever asked me about my age when I came to get paid."

Now Yonel has broken away from his kidnapper. He is living on his own, and says he doesn't make much, maybe $24 every two weeks. Like the other cane cutters, he spends more than half his earnings on food, because the only place Yonel can buy food is at the small shops on the *batey*, and that food is expensive (the shopowners have arrangements with the plantation *jefes*). After a day in the field, Yonel is always hungry. He eats what the other cutters eat: rice with greens. Unlike the *kongos*, Yonel has never eaten much else, so he doesn't really mind. Sometimes, at the height of the harvest, he makes enough to eat chicken.

Still, there is a certain satisfaction about Yonel these days. "I built myself a house," he says, "in Batey Five." He built it himself, it turns out, with his own hands. Yonel's house is made of mud dug up from a hole in the middle of the *batey*. It has a thatched roof and one room big enough to allow two adults to sleep in it. There are no windows. There is no furniture. The door fastens with a piece of wire. In the center of the one room, a charcoal fire burns, and the place is choked with fumes. Yonel fans the wood door back and forth and stands in front of the hut like a suburban homeowner showing off his split-level.

The Dominican Republic is so much better off than Haiti that it is at first hard to believe the two countries share the same island. In comparison with Haiti, the Dominican Republic seems to be in the midst of a boom. Here is an economy that, in spite of the poverty of many of the people, seems to work. The streets are clean, there are dozens of little restaurants, the newspapers have sections, the parks and public monuments are maintained. Even the slums achieve a modest level of decency, and buildings are going up everywhere, so more people have jobs than one would expect. The countryside is lush with tomato fields and palm and banana trees, and the green cane fields where Haitian migrant workers bring in the harvest run from the edge of the highway to the horizon. *Caña y caña y caña* is how Dominicans describe the relentless cane. It's a parasitic relationship: The Dominican Republic is living off cheap Haitian labor.

But many Dominicans never see the rotten core of their country's prosperity. Most of the *bateys* are deep in the cane, far from the sightlines of the major highways. Thus it is not surprising that the question of Haitian working conditions has not been touched upon during the current Dominican presidential campaign. The migrant workers don't vote and have no political clout. "We can't afford to talk about the Haitian question, and neither can Balaguer," says a strategist for presidential candidate Juan Bosch. "It's too powerful an issue, too emotional, and everything we have to say would make people nervous. Haiti and Haitians represent to Dominicans everything that frightens them about their own future, and Balaguer likes to stir up nationalist feeling. He is quite capable of manipulating a people who already think there are too many Haitians in the republic, who think if there is not enough food, it is because Haitians eat too much and produce nothing. That puts the Haitian question off-limits for the moment."

It may be off-limits in the Dominican Republic, but not in Haiti. When Ertha Pascal-Trouillot, the new Haitian President, announced that one of her first priorities would be to enter into a new *braceros* contract with the Dominican Republic, her words were greeted with a long and relieved round of applause. Haitian lawyers and human rights advocates believe that this will be a first small step toward ending the brutal situation on the *bateys*.

The Haitian desire to alleviate the misery there arises not only from a concern for humanity but also from a sense of history. Haitians are understandably sensitive about slavery: Their nation, after all, was created by the stunning blow of the world's only successful slave revolt. Slavery was also abolished fairly early in the Dominican Republic—during the Haitian occupation of 1822-44. In 1877 the new Dominican Constitution extended freedom to all comers, proudly declaring that "all slaves who enter Dominican soil are free men." But today, free men who enter Dominican soil are slaves, and the promise of that valiant history remains unrealized. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Who's Really Getting Paid?

MICAELA DILEONARDO

THE COCAINE KIDS: The Inside Story of a Teenage Drug Ring. *By Terry Williams. Addison-Wesley. 140 pp. $16.95.*

"GETTING PAID": Youth Crime and Work in the Inner City. *By Mercer Sullivan. Cornell University Press. 275 pp. $36.95. Paper $12.95.*

UPSCALING DOWNTOWN: Stalled Gentrification in Washington, D.C. *By Brett Williams. Cornell University Press. 157 pp. $26.50. Paper $8.95.*

American urban ethnography is on the rise again, and not a moment too soon. Studies of grass-roots city life focused during the Progressive era, in the Chicago School "social control" tradition, on southeastern European migrants. These studies expanded in the postwar years to include "deviants" and the racial-minority poor. The best of the 1960s and 1970s work, such as James Spradley's *You Owe Yourself a Drunk*, Carol Stack's *All Our Kin* and Eliot Liebow's *Tally's Corner*, combined vividly detailed portraits of intersecting lives, of inventiveness, spunk and surrender with sharp analyses of the social forces creating and reproducing poverty, unemployment, homelessness and drug abuse. In its radical heyday, urban ethnography repeatedly stripped off the white middle-class lens through which most Americans—including, sometimes, the poor themselves—tended to see inner-city life. It employed both C. Wright Mills's sociological imagination—the ability to see political economic patterns rather than individual failure or success—and a novelist's skill in evoking sympathy with lives outside the mainstream.

But something happened on the way to the 1980s. Politics moved rightward, racism resurged, the mainstream got canonized and ethnographers fled American inner cities. In part it was the new dearth of jobs and grants for those doing anthropological work in the United States, in part a white response to race-nationalist hostility (only Xs should study Xs), in part the mass movement of black anthropologists to Caribbean and African work and of minority scholars in general away from social science to literary studies. Those who continued laboring in urban ethnography were less published, less reviewed, no longer newsworthy.

Culture abhoring a vacuum, however, conservative journalists and questionnaire-toting sociologists poured into the nation's ghettos and barrios—or declaimed about them from comfortable offices. The "culture of poverty," whose hash the radical ethnographers thought they had settled, reappeared on the table as the "underclass," and the likes of George Gilder, Charles Murray and even the progressive William Julius Wilson newly blamed the victim. Print and electronic media sent out streams of images of the feckless, criminally vicious, drug-taking poor. Lies (such as reports of the "epidemic of black teenage pregnancy" even though rates have gone down for two decades) took root, and truths, such as the wholesale destruction of moderate-income neighborhoods through real estate speculation and gentrification, were deemed banal and uninteresting.

But a new cohort of urban ethnographers *is* interested, and is fighting back. Among many others, Terry Williams, a sociologist, and Mercer Sullivan and Brett Williams (no relation), anthropologists, entered poor areas of Manhattan, Brooklyn and Washington, D.C., respectively, to do the careful, years-long work of conversation, observation and documentary research that ethnography requires (Brett Williams's fieldwork lasted ten years in all). While all three were committed to entering the lives of poor and working-class people, these ethnographers had otherwise divergent goals. Terry Williams became friendly with and was trusted by a "crew" of Dominican and black teenagers who sold cocaine from an *oficina* in Washington Heights. Sullivan worked with research assistants to do comparative ethnography among black, Puerto Rican and white (mostly white ethnic) adolescents and young adult men with criminal histories. Brett Williams worked with her husband, John Henry Pitt, himself a talented fieldworker, to understand the lives of long-term black homeowners; black, Latino and Southeast Asian renters; and white gentrifiers in a rapidly shifting Washington neighborhood. Thus Sullivan and Terry Williams are fundamentally concerned with youth crime and the drug industry, seeing teenagers' families and neighborhoods as backdrops, while for Brett Williams the focus is reversed.

Taken together, these three studies build on one another and help us to correct the dominant perspective on race, poverty and crime in America today. Each study, though, has limits and flaws directly connected to the retrograde discourse on the poor in which we are all enmeshed. Newton claimed to have seen so far because he stood on the shoulders of giants. These ethnographers are forced to stand on the shoulders of dwarfs.

The Cocaine Kids is a short novelistic account (no references, no statistics) of the business practices of one small network of teenage cocaine sellers. Williams is particularly good at three tasks: making the *oficina*, the after-hours bars and other selling sites real domains of understandable, rule-governed interactions; connecting the evolving political economy of the international drug trade to local practices; and convincing the reader that selling drugs is hard work, involving meticulous planning, lots of math, long, boring hours and sticky personnel management. Williams concludes that he has not "romanticized these kids" but presented them honestly as "struggling young people trying to make a place for themselves in a world few care to understand and many wish would go away."

"Getting Paid" (the originally black adolescent twist on the phrase means, ironically, getting money from any source) deals with more kinds of kids and describes their struggles and their worlds in more detail. In the first place, Williams quite understandably could not tape or even take notes while hanging out with the cocaine kids, for fear of exacerbating their paranoia and provoking violence. Their statements are thus reconstructed, and sound like it. Sullivan and his collaborators collected information only on past crimes (and much other information on schooling and work) and so could

Micaela diLeonardo, who teaches anthropology, women's studies and American studies at Yale University, recently edited Gender at the Crossroads of Knowledge: Feminist Anthropology in the Postmodern Era *(forthcoming from University of California Press). She is currently doing field research (with Adolph Reed) on race, class and gender in New Haven, Connecticut.*

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tape freely. They also place the kids in their specific neighborhoods, in the New York City political economy, so that we can see how particular patterns of schooling, work and crime "make sense." Here's Juice Baker (the names of people and neighborhoods are fictitious), a black who lived in a high-rise housing project:

> A lot of jobs have labels on them, nobody knows what they do. "We're looking for a GMP". All right, fine, what's a GMP? Nobody knows and nobody gets the job, unless your father works for the company and knows what GMP stands for; then you get in. That's all it is, a family thing.

We might think this statement reflects sour grapes or lack of effort, but Sullivan documents not only the serious job-seeking efforts of the black "Projectville" and Puerto Rican "La Barriada" kids but the relative ease with which the white "Hamilton Park" kids get early, off-the-books jobs locally, and then high-paying union jobs later:

> George Peplinski: [My friend's] father took him over and talked to a guy he had been in the Merchant Marine with years ago and got him signed up.

Sullivan offers other well-documented surprises. White, Puerto Rican and black kids had similar education levels, even though the white neighborhood had family incomes roughly twice as high as those in Projectville and La Barriada. Blacks valued education most highly, and returned more often to work on G.E.D.s and gain college credits. Attitudes toward schooling made sense in the light of occupational possibilities: Whites gained jobs through family and friends or joined the military; Puerto Ricans took blue-collar jobs requiring little English but considerable manual skills. Blacks either took low-level service-sector jobs requiring basic English literacy—such as bicycle messenger—or finished high school and tried for Civil Service and private-sector clerical jobs.

Criminal histories as well followed patterns shaped by neighborhood social ecology (the mesh of built environment, demographic mix and local economy) and larger race and class realities. All three groups started turf fighting among themselves in their early teens. They then "graduated" to the criminal opportunities provided by their neighborhoods, spurred on by consumption needs and lack of family resources. Puerto Ricans burglarized local factories owned by whites, heisted cars outside the neigh-

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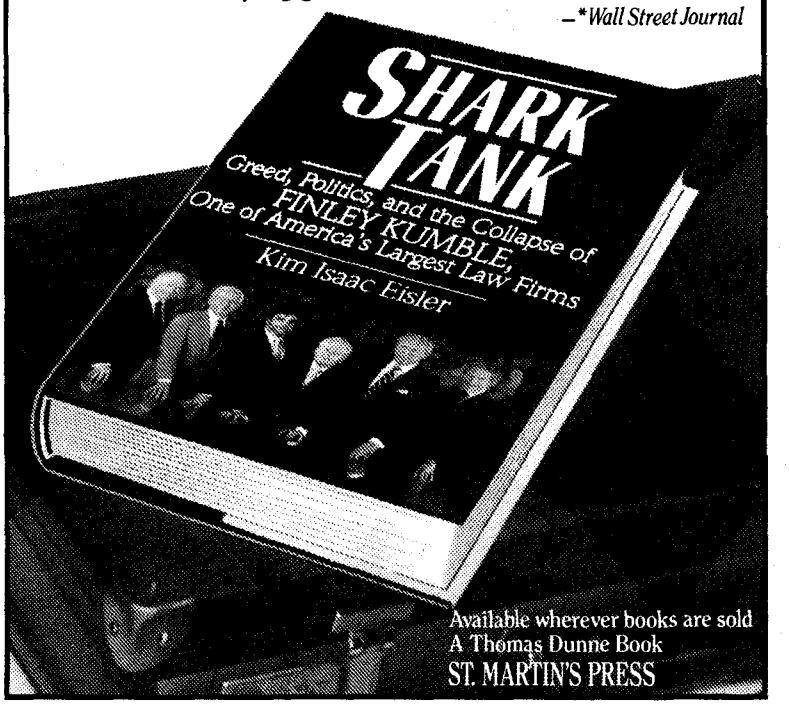

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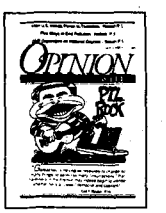

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borhood, mugged local undocumented "Mexicans" (Central Americans) and sold some drugs. Whites avoided burglarizing locally owned factories but stole on the job, mugged local undocumented Polish workers, sold drugs at home or in the park—there were no abandoned buildings fit for *oficinas*—and a few went on to provide muscle for organized crime. Blacks mugged other tenants in their anomic high-rise complex, mugged people on the subway and sold drugs. White and Puerto Rican adults, who lived in low-rise homes or apartments, were successful in confining white and Puerto Rican youth crime to "outsiders"; black adults, though highly motivated and organized, were not. All adults tolerated some youthful criminal behavior through, for example, accepting money from children or buying stolen goods. Criminal behavior declined in all three groups as teenagers approached their 20s and began working steadily. (Terry Williams found the same pattern of "retirements.") Black and Puerto Rican youths also described conversion experiences and the prickings of conscience. "I'm a thief with heart," said Mike Concepcion of his unwillingness to mug people. Some individuals in each population continued to engage in crime, but usually as organized by older men: car-theft rings, protection rackets, business theft, large-scale drug dealing. In any event, the particularly risky or dangerous crimes, for all groups, were "assigned" to younger kids who could be most easily exploited and would be least likely to face prosecution. And the Hamilton Park adults, as might be expected, were most able to call on police to enforce law and order on the streets, pull strings to prevent punishment of juvenile defenders and prosecute overzealous police officers who, for example, beat up their children.

Sullivan's larger point is that the currently unfashionable "social" interpretation of crime is correct—it is not a simple matter of individual or group pathology, as conservatives would have it. Crime is directly related to economy, but we need to consider the family economic statuses of very young "pre-unemployment-statistics" youths, and to map those statuses against their ability to find gainful employment. He notes that the crime rates of Hamilton Park kids went down in their midteens, when they were first able to get off-the-books work. It was a brilliant move to study white kids along with blacks and Latinos—racially segmented labor markets, for both adults and adolescents, have everything to do with setting the stage for property crime.

Brett Williams focuses on property crime from above. *Upscaling Downtown* details the continuous efforts of working-class and poor people to build community in Elm Valley, an inner-Washington neighborhood, and the final triumph of the capitalist market in the shape of rising rents, condo conversions and yuppie perceptions of community life. Elm Valley, originally a white streetcar suburb, integrated rapidly after the 1954 *Bolling v. Sharpe* decision, which outlawed school segregation. White flight brought down prices for modest row houses at the same time that a number of working-class black migrants from the Carolinas, now stably employed in Washington, were able to make down payments. Others, less well off, rented row houses and apartments in large complexes originally built in the 1930s for federal workers. Williams lovingly describes the community of the 1950s through the 1970s (which included remaining whites); it revolved around daily interactions, shared gardening, cooking, child watching and pet feeding. She notes the specifically Carolina flavor of recipes, home remedies and folk language, and the continued movement of individuals, food and commodities between kin in Washington and down South.

Williams weaves onto this base the stories of black apartment renters in the 1970s, who attempted to organize against deteriorating services and an uncaring management preparing for evictions and condo conversion. Black renters were hostile to and did not comprehend the lifeways of the "Spanish" (Central American refugees crowding up to a dozen in the small apartments and spilling over into hallways) and the "Chinese" (the recent South Asian immigrants). In the meantime the door of opportunity swung shut for black homeowners as the next generation, facing skyrocketing housing costs and deteriorating schools and employment opportunities, experienced downward mobility. Many moved out to the poorer black suburbs, and some, as did Sullivan's informants, "got paid"—and went to jail.

Whites enter this complicated and shifting mixture as the now-elderly homeowners who refused white flight, the poor and progressive young adult group-house denizens now priced out of the rental market and the increasing numbers of homeowning young professionals. Williams details not only political and economic shifts and demographics but the conceptual worlds and even mass media perceptions of these differing social actors. Herself white but married to a black man, Williams was able to "pass" in all directions, to watch *Dynasty*'s portrayals of white wealth with black renters and then to sit with white professionals watching the exaggerated imagery of anomie and random urban violence on "gentrified television"—*Cagney and Lacey* and *Hill Street Blues*. She discovers that "late prime-time television has reflected, reinforced and framed changing urban life with an increasingly class-segregated array of programs."

Imagery and symbols—rhetorics—are themselves material facts, as Raymond Williams and others have noted. Sullivan and Terry Williams work in time-honored ethnographic fashion to parlay language, to bring the exotic near, to bridge the gaps in vision of their largely white middle-class audience. Reading them, we can actually feel why young impoverished and working-class kids might engage in illegal activities. Brett Williams wishes to do more. She examines dominant bourgeois ideologies themselves: the belief that homeownership is proof of "rootedness and character," that older buildings but not long-term residents are evidence of historic neighborhoods. She points out middle-class suspicion and incomprehension of black working-class men's public "street work" of auto and appliance repair; child care; goods and labor bartering; and socializing.

And turning the lens around has predictable effects. While *The Cocaine Kids* has been reviewed very favorably (and is in its third printing), *Upscaling Downtown* has received a flurry of negative local publicity in *The Washington Post* and elsewhere from white professionals annoyed with Williams's rather mild critical scrutiny of their lifeways. Nobody wants to play native in the anthropology game, but people with some wealth and social power, if displeased, can fight back. The defensive local response is all the more meaningful because Williams concludes *Upscaling Downtown* with very moderate, common-sense suggestions for white and nonwhite professionals who are committed to living in integrated urban areas: Get to know your neighbors, interact with them regularly, offer and ask for assistance, patronize local shopkeepers, try to give something to the community. Williams argues that such neighborly behavior conforms to

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Carolina black norms and enriches everyone, and she is right. But yuppies employing local baby sitters and buying collards and tortillas won't stop capital accumulation, government complicity and thus the real estate juggernaut that has displaced millions of urban residents over the past three decades. Nor will they stop property crime by impoverished youth, although, if Sullivan's work is indicative, well-knit neighborhoods can at least dissuade kids from burglarizing and mugging within their boundaries. And here is the first of my two criticisms of all three books: in for a penny, in for a pound. Terry Williams's novelistic treatment with no reference to larger political economy (outside the drug industry) or to any other scholarship; Sullivan's dull, repetitive, passive-verb sociologese and overly respectful treatment of patently wrong conservative theories of youth crime; and Brett Williams's anxious efforts to conciliate all sides in the gentrification process all stem from and respond to our current retrograde discourse on poverty, property and crime. Terry Williams ends by sounding like the yellow journalism he is working to counter:

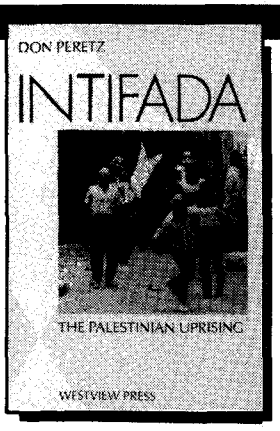
> The apartment is crowded with teenagers, all wearing half-laced sneakers and necklace ropes of gold. Doorbells ring every few minutes; white powder dusts the table tops; jagged-edge matchbook covers and dollar bills seem to flow from hand to hand. The talk is frenetic, filled with masterful plans and false promises. Everybody has a girl. Everybody has cocaine. Everybody has a gun.

Such rhetoric (we'll get to the sexism shortly) only panders to the thrill-seeking reader—it's *The Godfather* writ black and young—and undermines the fascinating insights Williams has brought back from what was obviously very arduous and dangerous fieldwork. He would have done better to tell the story straight; to locate the Dominican and black kids in their family networks (which keep popping up, unanalyzed, anyway); to draw the obvious dotted lines from poverty to crime, from landlords' warehousing of low-cost housing to crackhouse conversion, from capital's creation of a youth commodity market to poor kids' efforts to "get paid" to consume those commodities.

Sullivan does connect the dotted lines, but very faintly and very late. Only on the penultimate page of *"Getting Paid"* does he finally refer to "the bankers, employers, developers, and politicians who have gotten rich creating an environment in which it is possible and attractive for [kids to commit street crime]." Faint heart ne'er won fair reader; the response to *Upscaling Downtown* indicates that we might as well come out in our true colors from the outset.

The issue of gender is much more difficult to evaluate. While all three studies are extremely sensitive to race and class, only Brett Williams seems to realize that gender divides urbanites as well, and that one might consider women's lives and perceptions separately. She details the arduous labor of women's "defensive cleaning" in roach-ridden apartments, notes their efforts to maintain vestiges of privacy by lining their laundry carts with opaque garbage bags and even remembers to inform the reader that, counter to national patterns, the Carolina homeowning men cook, and cook often. But even Brett Williams misses the overwhelming importance of fear of male violence in *all* urban women's experiences of city life.

Mercer Sullivan's and Terry Williams's



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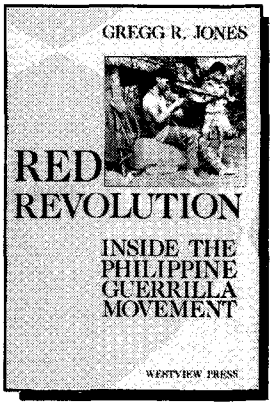

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gender problems are much more intractable. Sullivan never even considers interviewing adolescent girls—a reflection of the "deviance studies" world within which he works. As social scientists we're interested in poor and working-class boys if they commit street crimes, girls if they get pregnant. Do they mug us? Do we think they raise our taxes through A.F.D.C. payments? Then let's study them—separately.

Neither Sullivan nor Terry Williams makes the analytic connection between misogyny and young adolescent males' motivations to commit violent acts. "When I got the nine millimeter, I told everybody. I wanted them to know I was no pussy and not to fuck with me." Nor does either seem to notice that young male criminals claim to need money in large part to impress young women—or to help support babies when girlfriends get pregnant. In fact, adolescent girls in *The Cocaine Kids* and *"Getting Paid"* are mostly drawn as low-rent Ivana Trumps or Imelda Marcoses—avaricious, grasping and power-mad, the immoral temptresses who lead our boys to sin. Although Terry Williams portrays sympathetically the plights of Kitty, the female cocaine kid, and Suzanne, the virtuous stay-at-home wife, he describes with relish the casual misogyny of the male cocaine kids: "Rap is my name, females my game"; "Whenever a young woman with a substantial front or a protruding behind passes, the men . . . blurt out *hola mami* ['hey baby!']"; "We went to his apartment and he had these two freaks there. I mean freaks. . . . It was chill. . . . We fucked all over the place."

It goes without saying that ethnographies including the actual life histories and words of the young women described here (and perhaps their descriptions of the young men in their networks) would give us a substantially richer and probably analytically different picture. (Sullivan, astoundingly, lists comparative neighborhood crime statistics, including the number of rapes, and then discusses every category *except* sexual assault.) But we will have to wait for that story to come from those still in the field. In the meantime, these studies, despite minor and major flaws, give the lie to current images of the "urban underclass." They disaggregate that mythic national mass into specific, crosscutting regional, race, class and age populations, and connect the venal acts of some in those populations to the venal acts of the affluent. In the end, many of the Washington Heights and Brooklyn kids had been busted and done hard prison time. How many of the thieves around HUD will spend a day in jail? □

Prizewinning Poets—1990

The winners of Discovery—The Nation *'90 are Victoria Hallerman, Mary Maxwell, Isabel Nathaniel and Naomi Wallace. A reading of their poems was scheduled for Monday, April 30, at The Poetry Center, 92nd Street Y in New York City. The contest was judged by Lynn Emanuel, Andrew Hudgins and William Matthews. Now in its sixteenth year, the competition combines The Poetry Center's Discovery contest and* The Nation*'s poetry prize. It is open to poets who have not published in book form.*

—Grace Schulman, poetry editor

YOU VISIT ME BY THE SEA

You loved the Atlantic anywhere you found it,
said it was your Dutch blood, seafaring.
If you arrived tomorrow,
your yellow suitcase packed
the other side of time,
you would love this water:
level with the sashline of my second-story window,
rocky islands sprawled like sleeping dogs on the horizon.

Your gaze comes to us from the eyes
of a great-grandchild you never will see:
eyes grey as yours, those wartime pennies
passed hand to hand,
grey as your whole self silvering over in pictures,
like someone in the future watching the Milky Way
as it lies now,
egg-white on an onyx plate.
How many stars are dead whose light still touches us?
Now you're no more real than any god,
can't even set the table in my dreams.

Victoria Hallerman

TO ROBERT LOWELL, IN THE GUISE OF MENTOR

It is a habit of women to talk too much,
so as we make our rounds together, reining in
randomness with enforced cords of civility,

I pace with artificially collected gait
alongside you. A far better tongue has loosened
its wit on the banal circularity of our

passage around the courtyard. I listen and lean
against the bit with feminine determination.
All I am is young and nervous and what little

I know is the duress of inexperience put
into a kind of poetic dressage. *Steady,*
you drawl and amble with effortless precision,

though at any given moment your voice could *like*
a habit or a horse it's worth the trouble to break
out of the mind's sedated harness *let it go.*

Mary Maxwell

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ELEGY AT MUSTANG ISLAND

The Mayan Princess fronts the Gulf,
crescent of white stucco.
Its surprise, its excess—
for this wind-blown barrier island—
is an extravaganza of pools and gardens,
pinks of perfumed blooms, jungly greens,
all vigilantly tended
to thrive so in the hunkered-down space
between hotel and ridge of dunes.

April weather chancy, the place
is all ours. We're warmed,
lulled in man-made Eden.
The sea we came for is just over there,
surf-sound close, continuous.
On white chaises longues we lie
in an attitude of mild happiness
and find amusement in gulls'
periodic fracas overhead.

For passion we substitute politeness.
Our paradise was more than this,
once, but a swift strike of the gods
has rendered us quiet and untroublesome.
There's a way out: a boardwalk
snakes over sand little-sierras
and a door alone against the sky
guards the ramp's descent to beach.
Arm in arm, we've been out there

for dutiful strolls, our delicate feet
just managing not to touch
blue-neon *physalia physalis*,
those man-of-war hellions delivered onto shore,
tendrils still armed to sting
into agony. We step right along
taking menace for granted.
For us the tideline's runes
spell out tragedy already happened.

My tragedy that happened
is always there, dark
as the west side of the dunes
in this early-morning, low-angled light.
Sea oats, dove weeds, pennyworts,
goatsfoot morning glory
make the rich mat of vegetation
that traps the sand. These plants,
like a long-there grief,
lie half buried, roots and runners spreading,
sprouting blooms at night
to know full beauty at the dawn.
I make the ascent. Last day, there is some calm
of horror yet to be identified.
Grey veils of air are walls and ceiling
for the boardwalk door which opens
hard against the southeast wind.
From here it is possible to call
long sing-song sounds, the way
kids call—and I send out in graceful glide
my dead son's name in syllables: *Jer-ry . . .*
Jer-ry . . . Jer-ry . . . his name offered to him.
And that most important word
skips naturally and unimpeded
across the ghostly beach,
over the silvering water,
past the horizon of oil-rigs

and out there joins him,
my boy, O so wholly himself
this brief morning moment,
because his own name is far sweeter
than silence, his own name
rising and falling in the air,
a music he has missed,
his name *Jer-ry . . . Jer-ry . . . Jer-ry . . .*
coming to him.

Isabel Nathaniel

THE DEVIL'S ODE

More radiant than God himself, I was. My wings
were hung with pinecones and the strung ribs
of a calf were my crown. But I fell in love
with a mortal. Not to recreate myself but to spy
out love in the tampered flesh. And she was not
afraid of me. Hardly glancing at the manifest

of my pulsing wings, she threw me handfuls of corn
from the field where she worked and turned her back.
Not as an angel should behave then, but as a swine,
I got down on all fours and feasted. If I were
patient she would toss me a glance. For this I wept,
over the gutted stalks, the shameless husks, the bodies

of glutinous wasps, swooning to the earth, drunk
on fermenting corn. Only when my shrunken wings
lay rotting in the field did she let me kiss her.
But that was enough. It gave me a power more terrible
than any God's and my heart screeched like a goat
in flames. Because of this, because I knelt

before a mortal, He cast me out, shredded my wings,
set me alight. Burning like a pine forest I fell
through the sky into the earth. Though I am cursed,
I snicker under the dirt. From this place I can
reach up and fondle the blistered, lonely steps
of His mortals, the women and the men, who stagger

the earth to die. He can touch only the tops
of their heads, which pray out, cold, through
the brain. Down here I tend roots of the corn stalks
that will blast through the crust to the sun.
Through the dirt I kiss the bottoms of their feet,
their very souls, without breaking their strides.

Naomi Wallace

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Munro Doctrine

KATE WALBERT

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH. *By Alice Munro. Knopf. 273 pp. $18.95.*

Those of us who were barely teenagers at the height of the women's movement have little direct understanding of the pre-*Feminine Mystique* era. For many, our mothers' liberation coincided with our parents' divorce, and quite naturally the former took back seat to the latter. We watched last year with only a curious feeling of nostalgia as Gloria Steinem waxed eloquent on what looked like the final printing of *Ms.* magazine. And so it goes.

Or does it?

As the best stories of *Friend of My Youth*, the seventh book and sixth collection of short fiction from Canadian writer Alice Munro, reveal, though the dust may have settled the movement continues. In the spirit of Grace Paley's long-distance runner, Munro's female protagonists jog steadily, diligently backward, struggling to define the actions of their past by confronting that from which they came: first marriages, lonely childhoods, severed friendships. Self-scrutinization for these women is as habitual as breathing. One character ruminates, "It seems that all sorts of marriages begun in the fifties without misgivings, or without misgivings that anybody could know about, blew up in the early seventies, with a lot of spectacular—and, it seems now, unnecessary, extravagant—complications. Joan thinks of her own history of love with no regret but with some amazement. It's as if she had once gone in for skydiving."

Tracing their footsteps with such How-did-I-get-here? wonder, there are times when Munro's characters appear to be tracking a stranger, the dissonance they feel with their own history evidenced by how frequently they stand over the erratic course, baffled. Revelations happen when the stranger shows her face—Ah, they think, *there* I am. In "Differently," a woman travels on an "impulse she doesn't really trust" to the town where she had lived during her first marriage, and ends up visiting old haunts, recalling her break with her husband and abandonment of a close friend as if recounting the melodramatic antics of an adolescent. Only at the end of her odyssey does she realize that "people make momentous shifts, but not the changes they imagine."

Movement is central to all Munro's stories, though the trips don't always involve such a literal return to Main Street. (The majority are set in her birthplace of rural southwest Ontario, the landscape she has so vividly rendered in her previous work.) Often a protagonist has a dream or stumbles upon some vehicle of memory—a photograph or letter—that launches an imaginative reverie, allowing her to be shown both within the remembered event and framed outside it, what might be called retro-introspection.

Characters repeatedly eclipse their present with past selves in an elaboration of a technique Munro employed most noticeably in her previous collections *The Moons of Jupiter* and *The Progress of Love*. This shifting over decades seems best suited to the older women of these stories, whose concern is not so much the remembered event—which is often somewhat superfluous—but who they were in relation to that event. How can any woman now in her 50s describe her life, her history, who she was, in effect, when so many of her actions were taken in observance of patriarchal rules? To extract the "I" from a time when who they were was defined *for* them seems a Sisyphean task. It is no wonder the protagonists feel a certain awe at their escapes—the bold leaps that send them tumbling through the air. (Husbands are left behind, stand as bewildered as children. One watches his wife's betrayal of him numbly, thinking, "She had got loose from her own family.")

Yet what of the silent ones, those who walked before? Or the nineteenth-century equivalent of Munro's skydiver, the woman who, by shunning the rules of society, found herself in exile? They are not forgotten by the author, who, in the two most powerful stories of the collection, illuminates these contrasting legacies—a crippled mother whose blank letters resonate with unspoken desire; and an eccentric, half-mad poet who is isolated by her decision to write.

The title story presents the first. In "Friend of My Youth" a mother reappears—curiously healthy—in the dreams

Kate Walbert, a former fiction writing teacher at New York University, is now living in New Haven, Connecticut, and working on a novel.

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of her daughter, the narrator. This strong mother seems a stranger,

> not exactly youthful, not entirely untouched by the paralyzing disease that held her in its grip for a decade or more before her death, but so much better than I remembered that I would be astonished. . . . How could I have forgotten this, I would think in the dream—the casual humor she had, not ironic but merry, the lightness and impatience and confidence? I would say that I was sorry I hadn't been to see her in such a long time—meaning not that I felt guilty but that I was sorry I had a bugbear in my mind, instead of this reality.

Previously, the daughter had thought of her mother only within a context of failure—for instance, how her mother would speak of writing the story of her brief stay at the Ottawa Valley farm of Flora and Ellie Grieves (two sisters who lived adjacent to the one-room schoolhouse she taught in before her marriage), even after she could no longer hold a pen. In the Ottawa Valley the wood weathers black, not gray, her mother explained, and the local histories are as dark, the Grieves sisters being no exception: "If I could have been a writer—I do think I could have been . . . then I would have written the story of Flora's life." The daughter listened in disgust: "I had my own ideas about Flora's story. I didn't think I could have written a novel but that I would write one. I would take a different tack. I saw through my mother's story and put in what she left out." Only now, confronted by this quite capable dream-mother, does she realize that the unfinished letters her mother left scattered about, the blank pages headed *My dear old friend Cleta*, *My lovely Margaret*, *Friend of My Youth*, which served as fuel for her own "incontestable crippled-mother power," were in fact metaphors for her mother's thwarted speech. Freedom for both is achieved with a redemptive dream that strips the mother of her "mask, her fate, and most of her affliction," as it aborts the daughter's venomous memory: "My mother moving rather carelessly out of her old prison, showing options and powers I never dreamed she had, changes more than herself. She changes the bitter lump of love I have carried all this time into a phantom—something useless and uncalled for, like a phantom pregnancy."

In contrast, "Meneseteung" tells the story of a woman who did speak out. (It was published first in *The New Yorker*, as were eight of the ten stories collected

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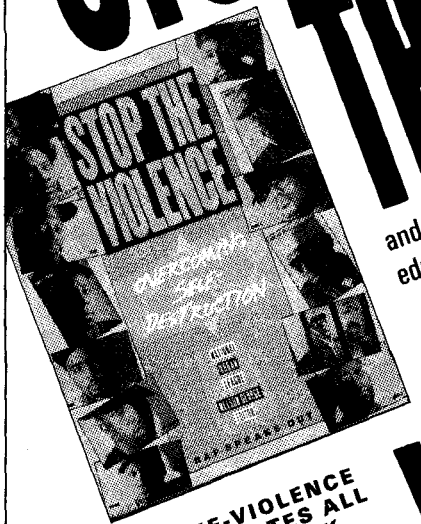

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here, and can also be found anthologized in *The Best American Short Stories 1989*.) The narrator of "Meneseteung" stumbles upon a turn-of-the-century collection of poetry, aptly entitled *Offerings*, and imagines the life of the writer whose dark eyes, peering out from the cover, seem "ready to roll down her cheeks like giant tears."

The poet, we are told, has one prospect for marriage, a widower who has come to town in search of oil and discovered salt instead, a rather dull entrepreneur who, like most men, bores her: "Men . . . seem to her deprived in some way, incurious. . . . Would she herself, knowing there was salt in the earth, discover how to get it out and sell it? Not likely. She would be thinking about the ancient sea."

Her romantic sensibilities are jolted, however, when she witnesses a brutal crime. It is then that the poet realizes she must embrace the world in its entirety—"Champlain and the naked Indians and the salt deep in the earth, but as well as the salt the money"—to be true to her art. Ironically, the consequence of her rejection of marriage and the bonds of late Victorian society is seclusion. Emily Dickinson? The Brontës? The poet echoes them all as she surveys the four walls that now, out of what seems a desperate willfulness, are "charged with life, ready to move and flow and alter. Or possibly to explode. . . . So much is going on in this room that there is no need to leave it. There is not even the thought of leaving it." The room becomes the world from sheer necessity.

These equally dire options—to remain silent or to speak out from self-exile—composed the backdrop on which Munro's generation read their shadows. Release required desperate measures—cartwheels and somersaults, skydives and melodrama. Even now, as they look back to articulate their decisions and give voice to a literary history dark with silences, what Virginia Woolf saw as the shadowy ghost of Shakespeare's sister, they take risks. Thinks the narrator of "Meneseteung" as she stands before the poet's grave: "People are curious. A few people are. They will be driven to find things out, even trivial things. . . . And they may get it wrong, after all. I may have got it wrong."

But errors inform, and trivialities precede discoveries. Curiousity would never kill the cat in Munro's world. As one character reflects, "What you think . . . is the absolute end for you can turn out to be only the start of a new stage." That endings give way to beginnings is the one constant in the lives of these characters. All else must be challenged. Self-identity to Munro is a commodity to wage battles for, not, as one might glean from the concerns of our contemporary minimalists, an irony to ponder. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Postminimalist Sculpture

In a recent issue of *Daedalus*, the Indian artist Gieve Patel contrasts the tradition within which he perceives himself as working with that of the West. He remarks particularly upon "the absence here of successive schools, movements, and manifestos, each attempting to progress beyond the last one in its understanding and portrayal of pictorial space." Patel is cynical, or at least skeptical, about the history of constant self-revolutions in art: "We attribute this quick turnover . . . largely to the demands of an aggressive market." Yet it would be difficult to find a moment in which artists' progressive efforts to understand the processes and defining truths of art were pursued with greater intensity, or with a higher degree of disinterested idealism, than in the period surveyed by the current exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art, "The New Sculpture 1965-1975: Between Geometry and Gesture." In 1984, the Whitney mounted a brilliant show called "Blam!" after a famous painting by Roy Lichtenstein. "Blam!" undertook to define the movement in American art from Abstract Expressionism to Pop in the years 1958 to 1964, when art had moved from downtown to uptown and from an innocent poverty to a certain mercantile glamour. The museum seems to be constructing an exhibitional narrative of American, and in particular of New York, art history. The movement from the end of the Blam! era into the middle 1970s, inadequately designated Postminimalism or, by the curator and critic Lucy Lippard, Eccentric Abstraction, saw a shift of creative gravity back downtown, in what would soon be known as SoHo, though some of the early exhibitions took place in certain adventurous galleries on 57th Street.

Pop, in its raucous effort to erase—or explode—the boundaries between high art and low art, answered to a deep

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distrust in the American psyche of an elite culture, even if Pop's practitioners, with their wit, strategic brilliance and intellectual dazzle, embodied the virtues of the culture they sought publicly to negate: Only someone literate in high artistic culture could get the jokes. The Postminimalists reverted to a certain puritan devotion to the highest values of high artistic culture and shunned whatever might ingratiate them with a wider public. But this too answered to something deep in the American spirit—the quest for rectitude, for a private but exacting morality and a utopian mode of social being. Both dimensions of the American ethic were in the ascendant in those years of visionary political upheaval, and the exhibition's reduced and demanding Postminimalist sculptures reflect and enact their times at the level of aesthetic experimentation. The work on display is tentative, inelegant, almost squalid in its materials and awkward in its forms, but by its means the sculptors themselves were endeavoring to drive back the conceptual boundaries of artistic practice, albeit with little support from the market. They were fortunate in having worked during the last period in our history that one could be a poor urban artist, for the downtown loft had not yet become prized and pricey real estate. There were a few galleries, pre-eminently Marilyn Fischbach's in midtown and Paula Cooper's in SoHo. There were sympathetic and supportive critics such as Lucy Lippard and Robert Pincus-Witten. The magazine *Artforum* was particularly receptive to reflections on this difficult art, which usually were at least as opaque as the art itself. The Whitney played its own role in the history it now memorializes: In 1969, Marcia Tucker and James Monte put on an exhibition there called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials" in which several of the artists and even some of the works featured in the current exhibition were first brought to the attention of a puzzled public. In 1973, the Guggenheim Museum gave a memorial showing to the work of Eva Hesse, one of the most original artists of this (or any) movement, who died tragically young in 1970. There was a certain European interest in the works, especially in Germany and Holland, and there must have been some intrepid collectors, more likely driven by belief in the art than the thought of investment; but it is surprising, even today, how many works in this show are identified as being from the "Collection of the Artist," and how many of them, deliberately ephemeral, were reconstituted for the present occasion. It was quiet, intellectual, even philosophical work, of interest only to initiates.

Hesse favored cheesecloth stiffened with latex as her material, and many of her pieces, gone brittle over the years, have their lives shortened each time they are shown. "She was very aware that it was temporary," an associate recalls. "Everything was for the process—a moment in time, not meant to last." Many of these works exist solely as tangible traces of the processes of making them, construed as actions: It was the process of making that was central, the key concept, and the product was merely the mode of production. The New Sculptors inherited from the Abstract Expressionists the theme, which they applied to their own media, that the painting is the *act* of painting, and the canvas is therefore to be appreciated for what it reveals of its generation, as with the whipped and dribbled surfaces of Jackson Pollock or the stratified successive soaks and stains of Morris Louis or the charged swags of pigment of De Kooning. Traditionally, processes had been disguised: The polished marble skin of Canova's sculpture and the enamellike surfaces of Ingres's painting testify to the proposition that the magic of art is to produce images that put the viewer in mind of what the images are of—goddesses, saints, princesses, a duke—without reference to how the image arose out of material manipulations. The fingers of the artist would remain visible only in the clay studies, or the preparatory sketches, which would be cherished by other artists or by connoisseurs less concerned with reference than with touch. Touch was not especially valued in Postminimalism, nor, as a general rule, was there a sense of craft or secrets of manufacture to be hidden. Rather, the stress was on impersonal processes, the works wearing the history of their production on their surfaces in such a way that viewers could tell how they were done—or, for that matter, do them themselves. And the materials were chosen primarily and perhaps exclusively to preserve the visual record of the process. Thus Richard Serra's *Splash Piece: Casting* of 1969-70 (reconstituted for the present show) is made by splashing molten lead where floor meets wall. The metal ingot, prized away from its "found" mold, can be arrayed with other splash pieces in rows, or it can be left where it was, with the drops and spatters of splashed lead showing on wall and floor. Barry Le Va's descriptively

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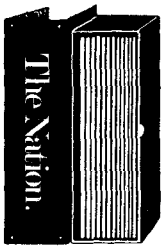

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titled work of 1968-71 (again specially reconstructed for the show), *On Center Shatter—or—Shatterscatter, Within the Series of Layered Pattern Acts*, is composed of five sheets of glass, each 59 inches by 9 inches. (And I imagine it inconsistent with the impulses of this art that these should have been "cut to size.") One shatters a sheet of glass by dropping something on its center, lays a second sheet over that, shatters *it*, lays a third sheet, and so on: Standing over the work, one can read its fractured narrative. Or Richard Tuttle draws a skinny pencil line on the wall, then nails a thin piece of wire at various points along it so that a skimpy shadow is cast. The work is then line, wire and shadow, and there can be no mystery how it was made, for it is not a virtuoso line or an intricate bit of nailing. All these pieces—splatters, shatters, scatters, nothing matters—are exceedingly *democratic* works. The originality lies in the concepts that the works make concrete. The substance is readily available, inherently undistinguished, industrial and cheap.

There is another interesting influence from its predecessors, this time from Pop, that materially affected the forms the New Sculpture assumed. Claes Oldenberg's "soft" works held a special meaning for these artists. I suppose Oldenberg had taken over one of the most famous images of modern art, namely, the limp watches of Salvador Dali. Because their limpness was incongruent with the rigidity that watchcases are supposed to have if they are to protect the delicate works within, Dali's image became an emblem of Surrealism. It was just this incongruity that Oldenberg exploited in his soft telephones and soft typewriters, though there was something comical rather than dreamlike about these fabrications in plastic or cloth, and especially about the helpless, shapeless way they collapse about themselves like beanbags. Doubtless part of the appeal of Oldenberg's work lay in the sudden vulnerability of these instruments, which, deprived of their rigidity, can no longer dominate their users. The New Sculptors appropriated the softness but subtracted the content, making variable nonrigid shape one of the devices for achieving antiform. Bruce Nauman's 1965-66 *Untitled* is a piece of rubberized burlap, 14 inches by 49 inches by 35 inches, that takes whatever shape is accidentally given it when flung into a corner. Its visual interest is about as null as it is possible for a visible object to attain to, but, like much else in this decade and certainly in this show, its essence is the history of its renunciations. In light of this, its being sackcloth gets to be almost allegorical, as sackcloth, made waterproof, gets to be almost a joke, like the minimal garment of an anchorite concerned to keep dry. Eva Hesse's *Untitled (Rope Piece)* of 1970, a casual-seeming network of latex-coated rope, string and wire festooned across a corner as if by a giant but inept spider, is of variable dimensions and arbitrary shape. The substances of this show—rope, string, wire, fiberglass, glass shards, burlap, stones, lead sheets, lead pipes, molten lead, chunks of rough wood—are the materials of impoverishment (of what came specifically to be called *arte povera*), and the processes of the show are radically egalitarian. Barry Le Va subtracted some ball bearings from one of his works on grounds of irrelevant elegance. And he invented a use for flour as an artistic material, dropped into patterns on the floor but subject to rearrangement through drafts. Le Va's flour pieces embody the two principles so far discussed to perfection—process and antiform—and they carry all the iconographic meanings that belong to the movement: rawness, roughness, shapelessness, virtually as political or even religious metaphors. Like the hacked, the distressed, the broken, the shattered, the clumsy, the ugly, the coarse, the crude, the uneven, the unpolished, the unfinished—properties possessed in some distribution by all the works in the exhibition.

Yet the work is not at all dour. In fact, for all the collective probing into the metaphysics of art, for all the implied radicalism in repudiating the institutional bases of elitist art ("What do we do now," asked one of Le Va's friends, who had helped him strew flour on the floor, "just sweep it up?"), there is a quality of comedy, of conceptual laughter, of affirmed absurdity that ripples through the entire show. Perhaps the first work to strike the eye as one enters the gallery that would be first in a chronological ordering (on the second floor) is a cluster of black, elongated, wurstlike forms hung by strings. This is *Several*, by Eva Hesse, and it is made by coating balloons with papier-mâché and tying their rubber cords together. Possibly its connotations are phallic (Hesse's work sparkles with erotic innuendo), but only if the phallus is thought of in distinct analogy to the balloon, as something that stiffens and

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goes limp, and provided we can imagine circumstances in which phalluses are bunched together, as balloons are—but, connotations aside, turning balloons into sculpture is a pretty funny idea. Diagonally across from *Several* is *C-Clamp Blues*, a title I find puzzling for a work consisting of a square panel coated with cement out of which emerge two sets of wires attached to a plastic ball, which hangs beneath the panel. Out of the panel protrudes a bolt, which the artist has painted pink. The pink bolt *could* be a penis, as the plastic ball could be an emblematic womb; but if it is a sexual joke, it is even more a sculptural one. Hesse characterized her artistic ethos as "absurd" in a profoundly moving interview with Cindy Nemser, published in *Artforum* in May 1970, the very month Hesse died of brain cancer. In it she said, "I want to extend my art perhaps into something that doesn't exist yet." I think this is, in part, the motive of the entire group, even if the exploratory wit is seldom as exhilarating as it is in Hesse, with its dangling and drooping anatomicities and its wry preposterous juxtapositions. And the deep question is, What boundary was it that the artists felt they had, in Hesse's phrase, "to reach out past"? What needle's eye was it that art had to be made thin enough to slip through—and into what? Could there have been, I wonder, the sense of an end, so that what everyone was pressing against was the end of art, construed as Gieve Patel's progress, which was to go on and on? As though everyone were feeling their way along a wall for an opening when the history of breakthroughs and progresses was really over and done? Did she want, Nemser asked, to fall off the edge? Hesse's answer was, "Yes, I would like to do that." All ten artists in the exhibit are seeking an edge off which to fall.

I feel this vividly in the later work here of Joel Shapiro, especially in a cast-iron piece of 1973-74, which has the form of a very simple chair, but with startling dimensions: It is 3 inches by 1¼ inches by 1¼ inches. In terms of scale and subject, it is difficult to imagine a work more antiheroic; but this would be a mistake, as it would be to view it as a classy piece of doll-house furniture. It has been installed, sitting on the floor, in a space relatively large in proportion to its own unassuming dimensions, though not vast enough, I think, for it to manifest its true strength. It requires a very large empty space. One's initial experience would then

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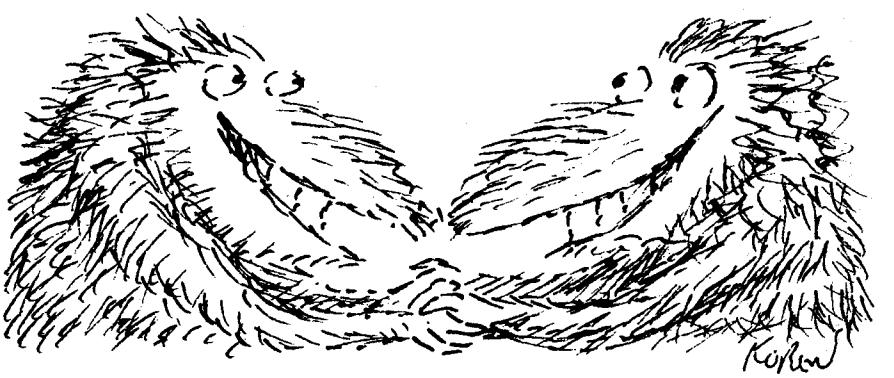

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be, at first, of a tiny object ludicrously disproportionate to the enveloping space. But soon a tension would grow as the object began to pull the space around itself and define it. The tension would grow infinitely in magnitude as the object approached zero, and if the object vanished it would leave behind an unendurably charged space almost too dense to penetrate.

The show's ending is a boisterous confection by Lynda Benglis, *Primary Structures (Paula's Props)*. It is composed of some stumpy metallic Ionic columns, one of them broken, all placed unevenly on a runner of bunched blue velvet. To one side is a white column with an artificial tree placed on top, stuck in a white plaster container. The tree is covered with artificial flowers of a garish color. *Primary Structures* is a mischievous title. It could refer to columns, as columns refer to trees, and carry the sense of something primary, elementary, minimal. But in fact the work is in exuberant bad taste. It proclaims the end of purity, and the end of the artistic era to which its artist had belonged as an explorer among explorers, erasing boundaries between sculpture and painting, taking up with enthusiasm the imperatives of process art. It declares the opening of a new era and the end of renunciation.

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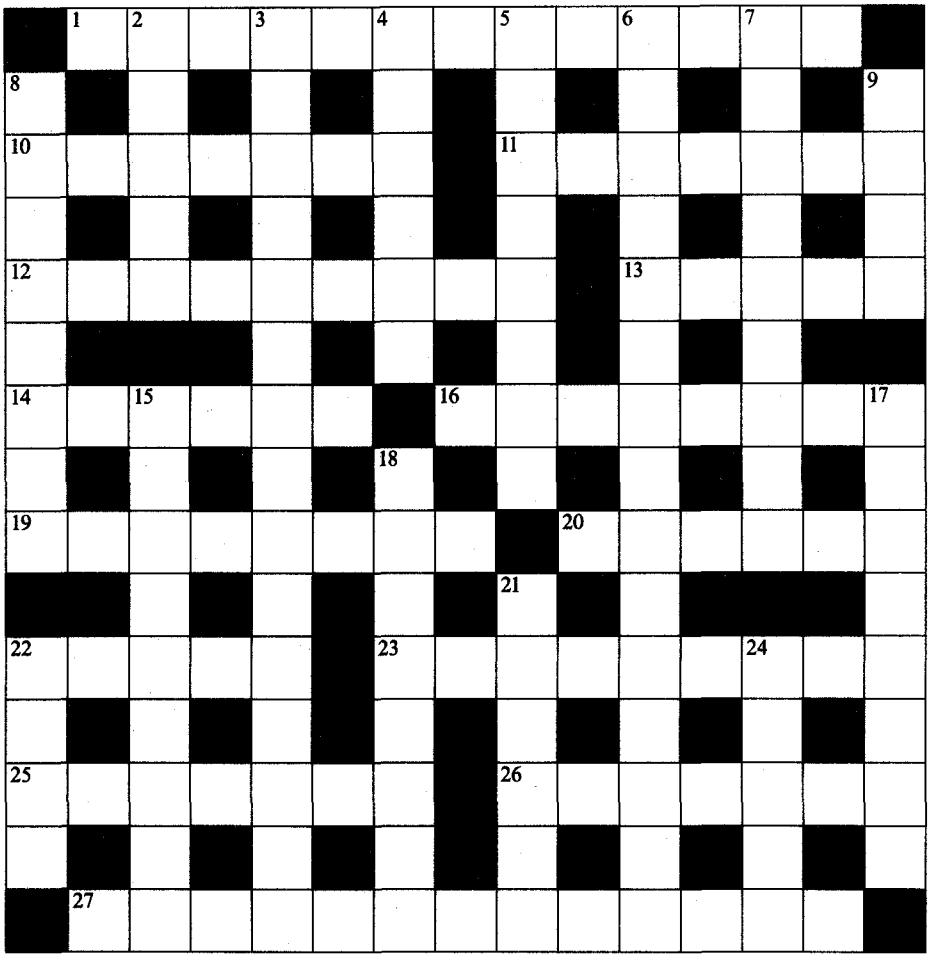

ACROSS

1 Sounds like a large crossing-over place, but it's not all that big in Venice! (6,2,5)
10 Old boys on mountains might be gurus. (7)
11 An adolescent turned radical came on the stage. (7)
12 Speeder getting wrecked around Connecticut is still looked up to. (9)
13 He must this go when the devil drives, and Eden's awry. (5)
14 How one might be treated with a certain kind of shoulder. (6)
16 Seventeen with 22 was supposed to prevent it at one time. (Not speaking well, however.) (8)
19 It gets mixed up with the navy more than once, making quite a scene for some in December. (8)
20 Putting things here might get them in the hole, though certain types might be tasty, or have a party. (6)
22 Merman, so it sounds, gets put in the tank with 17. (5)
23 Where some find autumn to be, as one such as Orlando should win out. (2,3,4)
25 The result of a guy getting too much sun could be touching! (7)
26 Get one in proper condition all over again, perhaps drawing backwards when in control. (7)
27 One might not have to follow them well. (There's nothing in Washington, Teddy or the socialist republic where Reds ran amok.) (7,6)

DOWN

2, 9 and 22 Circles the date (possibly the 15th) and then dines, with best accommodation. (8,5)
3 Possibly Lorna's even tops—to behave like a really trying type. (2,4,5,4)
4 Thermometers at zero show what really isn't true! (6)
5 What could the old writer be doing on the baseball team! (8)
6 What I do when as a student I'm told to go to the corner? (I admit I've said something wrong!) (1,5,9)
7 What Casey missed, commonly, with possibly a paint to cover up. (9)
8 Morning on the heath, on the point of finding a countryman. (7)
9 See 2
15 Grab something closer, perhaps attached. (5,4)
17 The state of Atlanta, in short—therefore the trace of a moving point put into the vehicle, perhaps. (8)
18 More like Hamlet's fell sergeant in his arrest. (7)
21 It's a sort of tree, so one might listen to it. (6)
22 See 2
24 Robin has this for a song. (Take little notice of the breeze.) (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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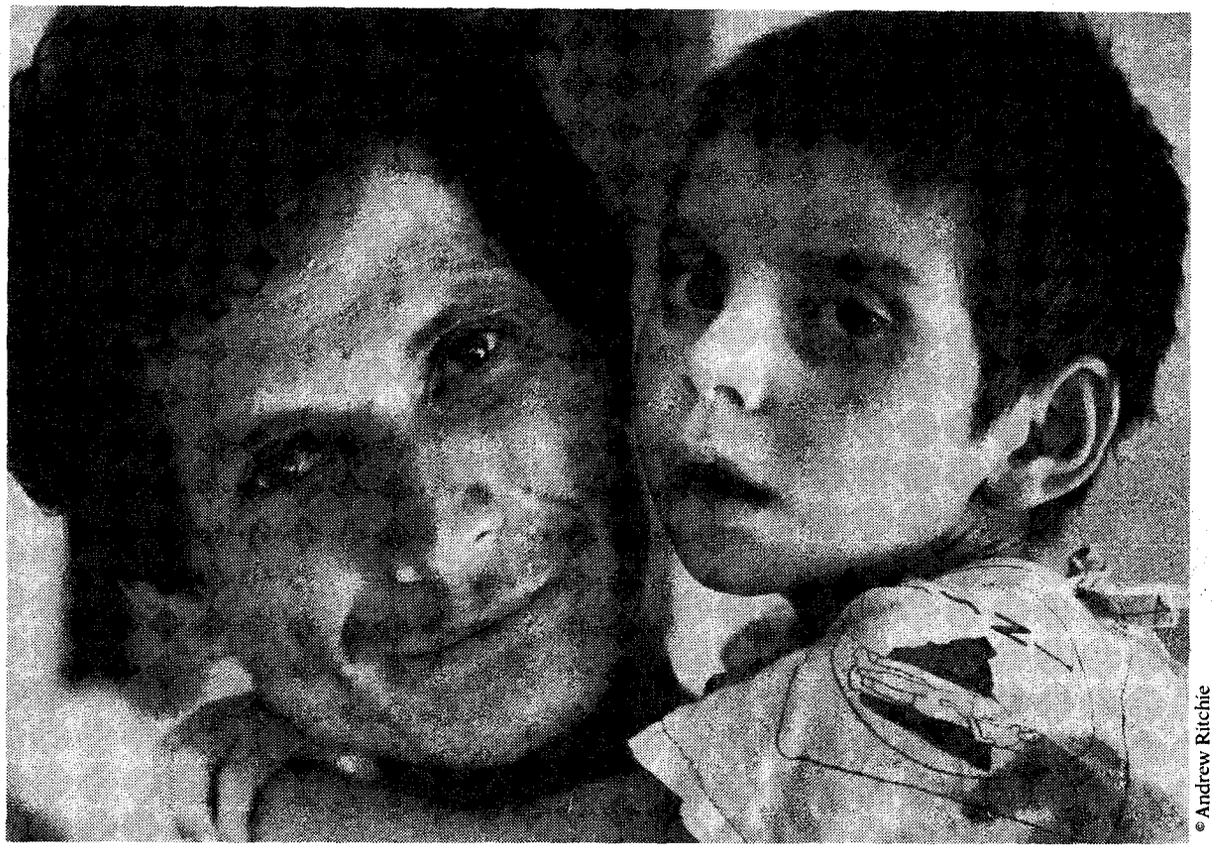

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If He Could Tell You What The Last Ten Years Have Meant

A thankful father holding his son at Nicaragua's Children's Hospital.

Ten years ago, his son would not have been admitted to the hospital. But during the last ten years in Nicaragua, health care was made free and accessible to all for the first time. Infant mortality was reduced by one half and polio, which had previously crippled and killed thousands of Nicaraguan children, was entirely eradicated.

Nicaragua Medical Aid purchased more than five million dollars worth of medicines in support of these advances.

After 30,000 deaths, a devastated economy, and no sign that U.S. policy would otherwise change, on February 25th the Nicaraguan people voted to ensure the survival of their families and children.

Indications are that the new US-backed government will privatize health care. That means a two-class health care system—one for the rich and another for the vast majority of the population, the poor. Many health programs of the past ten years are facing elimination.

Our help is more important than ever.

Nicaraguan physicians and health workers have made an urgent appeal. And Nicaragua Medical Aid is ready to help them in their fight to maintain the advances of the last ten years.

But we need your support.

◆ To supply health centers in the poor neighborhoods of Managua so kids aren't crippled for lack of simple antibiotics. ◆ To build a women's clinic in Rivas so women receive adequate health care. ◆ To equip an oral rehydration unit in rural Yalaguina that will save hundreds of children each year.

Please act now. Give generously. The people of Nicaragua are not ready to lose what they have gained.

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